

The Sewanee Review

Quarterly

EDITED BY

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE



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Contributors to the January Review

The fiction and poetry of Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS is well known to the reading world. Mr. Phillpotts lives in Torquay, England.

Dr. MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN is Assistant Professor of Modern Languages in the University of Pittsburgh. He is an authority on the supernatural and diabolical in literature, and has published *A Historical and Bibliographical Survey of the German Religious Drama, Devil Stories*, etc.

Dr. CORNELIA C. COULTER is Assistant Professor of Greek in Vassar College.

Dr. ALBERT STANBURROUGH COOK is Professor of English Language and Literature (*emeritus*) in Yale University. He has published various books, including *The Art of Poetry, The Higher Study of English*, etc.

"NICHOLAS NORMAN" is a *nom de plume*.

Dr. WILLIAM STRUNK, JR., is Professor of English in Cornell University. He has published *The Elements of Style, English Metres*, etc.

Mrs. MARGARETTA BYRDE, a frequent contributor, resides in London.

Dr. GEORGE McLEAN HARPER is Professor of English in Princeton University. He has contributed several articles to the REVIEW. Mrs. Harper has collaborated with him in the authorship of the present paper.

Mrs. LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK lives in Louisville, Kentucky.

Dr. AARON SCHAFER is Professor of Romance Languages in the University of Texas.

Dr. GEORGE B. DUTTON is Professor of English Literature in Williams College.

Dr. GILBERT M. FESS is Professor of Romance Languages in Hillsdale College, Michigan.

Miss KATHLEEN KNOX is an Irish contributor, living in Belfast.

Dr. ARTHUR L. KEITH is Professor of Greek in the University of South Dakota. He has written *The Spirit of Horace*, etc.

THE EDITOR discusses a group of recent works dealing with Shelley.

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THE GRAVE OF KEATS

Where silver swathes of newly fallen hay
Fling up their incense to the Roman sun;
Where violets spread their dusky leaves and run
In a dim ripple, and a glittering bay
Lifts overhead his living wreath; where day
Burns fierce upon his endless night and none
Can whisper to him of the thing he won,
Love-starved young Keats hath cast his gift of clay.
And still the little marble makes a moan
Under the scented shade; one nightingale
With many a meek and mourning monotone
Throbs of his sorrow; sings how oft men fail
And leave their dearest light-bringers alone
To shine unseen, and all unfriended pale.

Oh, leave the lyre upon his humble stone,
The rest erase; if Keats were come again,
The quickest he to blot this cry of pain,
The first to take a sorrowing world's atone.
'Tis not the high magistral way to moan
When a mean present leaps and sweeps amain
Athwart the prophets' vision; not one groan
Escapes their souls, and lingers not one strain.
They answer to their ideals; their good
Outshines all flare and glare of futile marts.
They stand beside their altars while the flood
Ephemeral rolls on and roars and parts.
It shall not chill a poet's golden blood;
It cannot drown the masters' mighty hearts.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS.

Torquay, England.

BALZAC AND THE FANTASTIC

It has been said that all French novelists, with the exception perhaps of Feuillet, were of the Devil's party. For that matter, neither will the romancers of other countries fill the choir-stalls of heaven. Many indictments may indeed be drawn up against all forms of fiction. The novel, that wanton fable, may well be considered as the work of a special demon who has the function of agitating the quill. The fiend is the fountain-head of all fiction. Without the Devil there would be no plot, no complication, no story. Jules de Gaultier, the great French paradoxist, is of the opinion that evil came into the world to promote, uplift and perpetuate the art of story-telling. "Satan," H. G. Wells tells us in his novel, *The Undying Fire* (1919), "is the celestial raconteur. He alone makes stories." Barbey d'Aurevilly, prefacing his story, *Happiness in Crime* (in *les Diaboliques*, 1874), assures us, that "when a man relates a true story, it is to be supposed that the Devil dictated it." "The personages of fiction," the great novelist Tolstoy declares, "have souls; and it is but truth to say that their malignant authors send them forth among us like demons to tempt us and to ruin us."

According to the Russian author, this titan of the modern novel, Balzac, is the Lucifer of Literature. Gautier similarly calls our romancer "ce diable d'homme," and Eugène Gilbert says that Balzac's pen was full of the "diable au corps." Hubert Gillot speaks of Balzac's "infernal" labor.

Balzac, needless to say, did not hold the orthodox belief in a devil external to man. A benevolent Deity had a stronger appeal to him than a malignant spirit. "Power united to goodness," Balzac says through the mouth of Don Juan, "has certainly more resources than the Genius of Evil ever can have" (*l'Élixir de longue vie*). He expresses his doubt even as to the existence of an evil spirit. He fails to understand how there can be two synchronously omnipotent powers, as the Lord and the Devil. Balzac has too much faith in the wisdom of God to believe in Beelzebub. "God would be very stupid," he assures us, "to leave in this world, which He has so curiously con-

stucted, an abominable devil whose special business it is to spoil everything for Him" (*l'Héritier du diable*). Nevertheless, in one aspect, Satan as the dispenser of gold powerfully appealed to Balzac, who all the days of his life aspired to wealth.

Balzac shows no great interest in the Devil himself. He is chiefly absorbed in man and in all that surrounds and reveals him. But he shows the Devil as working in and through humanity. The Evil One does not appear in person,¹ but he dwells in many of the characters in Balzac's novels. Raphael de Valentin's brow, according to his own admission, "is stamped with the print of the Devil's hoof" (*la Peau de chagrin*). Vautrin (=Jacques Collin), a "Cromwell of the galleys," is really diabolical. This "logician of evil is at bottom none other than Milton's fallen angel reduced to human proportions, of whom modern sophism has made an atheist."² All members of the Society of Thirteen are possessed of the Devil (*Histoire des treize*). Lucien de Rubempré has "a diabolical spirit." He would willingly sign a contract with the Devil if this pact would assure him a few months of happy and assured life (*les Illusions perdues*, 1837). Doctor Mirouët, an infidel, Ursula's godfather and guardian, is believed to have found an elixir of life or to have closed a bargain with Beelzebub (*Ursule Mirouët*, 1841).

Of Balzac's 319 titles, only two contain the word 'devil.' Leaving out of consideration his *Contes drolatiques*, which is not an integral part of his work, his only book containing the word 'devil' in its title is *la Comédie du diable*. Yet what is the *Comédie humaine* but a "comédie du diable"? Its author, a modern Dante, has provided for us in this work a comedy not divine but diabolic. Balzac knew that the panorama of human passions which he unrolls for us in his series of novels called *la Comédie humaine* parallels the series of visions which the

¹ Balzac gives the name Astaroth to a toad used by the witch Fontaine in her divinations. The name Astaroth also occurs in *Melmoth réconcilié*. Balzac also mentions the devil Mammon.

² Cf. A. Nettement: *la Littérature française sous la Restauration et sous le gouvernement de juillet* (1853-4), t. II, p. 253. The first appearance of Vautrin is in *le Père Goriot* (1834), but especially in *la Dernière incarnation de Vautrin* (1847).

Florentine poet displays to his readers in the first part of his trilogy. But in contrast to the mediæval poet's journey to the inferno, the modern novelist limits his tour to the terrestrial hell of nineteenth-century France. The division of the *Comédie humaine* called *Scènes de la vie parisienne* is especially the great glazed gallery of the Parisian Gehenna. For Balzac, this Paris, of which he was the spiritual conqueror and delineator, is the "ante-chamber of hell."³ In his *Histoire des treize*, our novelist runs through the nine circles of hell, in comparing the capital with Dante's inferno. Balzac presents an interesting and far from flattering picture of Parisian life in the opening pages of his story, *la Fille aux yeux d'or*, which forms a part of the last named book, and continues: "For it is not only jokingly that Paris has been called a hell." Paris, indeed, is the devil's own domain.⁴ With a malign sneer, the Devil looks down on the French capital from the tower of the Cathedral Notre Dame. Behind the gargoyles on the exterior is the idea that when a church is consecrated, the devils take flight from the interior and perch themselves on the roof.

The impression may be gained, however, that Balzac was of the earth earthy, and that his interest was limited to material things. He was interested in psychical as well as in physical phenomena. Balzac repeatedly affirmed suprasensual reality. Although he was a leader of the realists, he was deeply concerned with things commonly considered as unreal. He may be characterized as a realist, but a realist "haunted by phantoms."

Two warring tendencies were forcibly combined in Balzac's talent: a passionate instinct for realistic data and a profound curiosity for fantastic phenomena. He had a complex constitution. He was a materialist and a spiritualist, a realist and a 'fantastist'. Together with many other Romanticists, in his own country and in England and Germany, he had a distinct gift

³ From a letter written by Balzac to the abbé Églé, June, 1844.

⁴ In Pierre Weber's novel, *l'Homme qui vendit son âme au diable* (1918), the Devil calls Paris "ma ville." According to a tradition mentioned by Gérard de Nerval, Satan reigns all night in the tower of the church St. Jacques-la Boucherie in Paris. Charles Selby wrote a play in 1840 with the following title: *Satan in Paris, or the Mysterious Stranger*.

for leading a dual life—for dividing himself into a realistic self which worked in one way, and a fantastic self which worked in another. But in contrast to other romantic writers, he often succeeded in blending the two aspects of his talent. He applied a realistic representation to fantastic events and translated the abstract into the concrete. Balzac skilfully combined the world of reality with the realm of unreality, the observation and description of the natural with the consideration and depiction of the supernatural.

The supernatural, as is well known, had a firm hold on the mind of Balzac even in his maturer years. He could not resist the attraction of the mysterious and marvellous. He felt the charm of myth, legend and tradition. The study of supernatural phenomena seemed to interest him as much as the investigation of contemporary manners. He was a student of occult sciences and an adherent of mysticism even in its petty aspects. He was interested in phrenology and telepathy, mesmerism and somnambulism, esoterism and magism, alchemy and theurgy. He was a follower of Swedenborg, and even believed in Cagliostro, as may be seen from the story, *Louis Lambert* (1832).⁵ He even dabbled in diabolics. Balzac himself was, according to Sainte-Beuve, "a magnetizer, an alchemist of thought, the professor of an occult science." He is considered by many of his admirers as a 'voyant,' a seer, a prophet. In his so-called 'philosophical novels,' Balzac employs a symbolical supernaturalism in order to bring into relief a moral idea.

Balzac's early training and the potency of his imagination inclined him to the supernatural. His mother inspired him with a predilection for mystic and fantastic reading.⁶ Always a great reader, he also delved into diabolical books. Dante's descrip-

⁵ Swedenborgianism is introduced into the plot of *Louis Lambert*, *Séraphita* and *Ursule Mirouët*. Mesmerism and dual personality are mentioned in *la Dernière incarnation de Vautrin*. Clairvoyance is dealt with in *Ursule Mirouët*. Henke's dissertation, *Die Verwendung phantastischer und okkultur Motive in der Erzählliteratur Honoré de Balzacs* (Greifswald, 1922) was not within reach of the present writer.

⁶ Cf. Mme. de Surville: *Balzac: sa vie et ses oeuvres d'après sa correspondance*. (1858).

tions of the Devil's realm delighted him. In his story *Séraphita*, Balzac refers to the works of Johannes Wier, the well-known sixteenth-century German demonologist.

Together with the other Jeunes-France, Balzac fairly revelled "like a janitress" (Gautier's expression) in the English novels of terror and wonder which circulated on the European continent and took hold particularly in France. Horace Walpole, author of *The Castle of Otranto* (1764), was the first of a group of writers who took, as principal subject of interest, the supernatural terror. He may be regarded as the founder of gothic and ghost-haunted fiction in England. The writers of these cheap novels are mostly forgotten now, but were once famous. Walter Scott and Byron were proud to be their friends. Scott praised Horace Walpole, and Byron thought *The Castle of Otranto* the most beautiful novel in the English language.⁷

Of greater influence on her contemporaries was Mrs. Anne Radcliffe, "the mighty magician of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*" (1794). She introduced into the popular novel deep dungeons and haunted houses, spirits and spooks. Scott, Byron, Fox and Sheridan praised her novels in the warmest terms, and Byron admired her. He mentioned her together with Shakespeare, Otway and Schiller (*Childe Harold*). Moore, Shelley and Keats were also under her influence.

The leader in this field of fiction was Matthew Gregory Lewis, author of *Ambrosio the Monk* (1795 or 1796). In contrast to Anne Radcliffe, this novelist employs a supernaturalism which disdains all rational explanation. This book is the final word in the English School of Terror. Lewis introduced diabolical machinery into the popular novel, and created the so-called diabolical supernaturalism, bringing into fiction magic potions, satanic spells, Walpurgis nights, devil-compacts and all other sorts of Satanism. He may be given the credit for having introduced the Devil into the modern novel. In *The Monk*, the Devil is not brought in with an allegoric or satiric aim, but is the

⁷ The novel first appeared on December 24th, 1764. It was so popular that a second edition was printed in the spring of 1765. A critical edition of *The Castle of Otranto*, with an introduction by the Reverend M. Summers, has recently appeared in London.

leading character, the mainspring of the action. This novel may have been influenced by Cazotte's story, *le Diable amoureux* (1772), but it advanced far beyond its model, which contains a rather superficial Satanism.

Ambrosio the Monk tells the story of a licentious monk, who delivers himself to the Devil in order to accomplish his infamous designs. Ambrosio, a superior of a monastery in Madrid, goes from crime to crime, from perjury to incest, and from rape to murder, and is finally carried off by the Devil. The novel had a great success in its day. Walter Scott called it "an effort of a genius hardly ordinary." Byron admired this novel, although he satirized it in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* (1809).⁸ Polidori and Shelley were so strongly impressed by it that they decided to try their hands at writing supernatural stories.

Not much behind Lewis was the Reverend Charles Robert Maturin, author of *Melmoth the Wanderer* (1820). He enjoyed a broad reputation in his own country, even Scott and Byron exaggerating his talent.

Melmoth belongs to the Theophilus-Faust tradition. Its central element is a devil-compact. The novel feature is the fact that a human being is soliciting souls for Satan, is a recruiting-sergeant for hell. The aim of the author, a good clergyman, in writing the novel, was to show that any man who deals with the Devil is doomed to perdition. As Carlyle has said: "Follow the Devil faithfully, you are sure enough to go to the Devil: whither else can you go?"

Other characters in the English terror novels who are tempted and carried off to hell, are Vathek, in William Beckford's novel, *Vathek* (1781);⁹ and Victoria, in *Zofloya* (1812), a novel by Lady Barbarina Dacre, better known as Rosa Matilda.

The novels of the English School of Terror were repeatedly translated into French¹⁰ and devoured by the French reading

⁸ On Lewis's influence on Byron, the reader is referred to J. Weigand's dissertation, *Lewis's Monk und Ossian in ihrem Verhältnisse zu Lord Byron* (Bad Salzbrunn, 1905).

⁹ *Vathek* was originally written in French and published in France in 1786. The English edition of 1785 was a translation from the unpublished MS.

¹⁰ *The Castle of Otranto* was translated into French in 1767, *The Mysteries of Udolpho* and *The Monk* in 1797, and *Melmoth the Wanderer* in 1821.

public. They were also put into dramatic and operatic form and met with great success. Berlioz, the great Romantic composer, furnished the music for the libretto of *The Monk*. The horrors and mysteries of these romances had a great attraction for the French nation, which had experienced the Reign of Terror when it seemed, as a writer in the *Journal des Débats* aptly expressed it, as if "hell had vomited its inhabitants on earth." Even the leaders of the Romantic movement did not disdain these novels. Chateaubriand read and praised them. He speaks, in 1822, of the "romancers of ruins and phantoms" (*Mémoires d'outre-tombe*, 1848). Nodier mentions the English 'romanesque' romances in his essay, *Du fantastique en littérature* (1832) and imitated Lewis in his story, *Îles de las Sierras* (1837). Mrs. Anne Radcliffe was the literary ambassadress from England to France.¹¹

*Jein au Chr.
aussi*

The novels of the English School of Terror had a great attraction for the young and unformed mind of Balzac, and deeply affected the romantic aspect of his character. His first novels, written during the period 1822-25, were but imitations and adaptations of these importations from across the Channel. After 1825, he ceased writing novels of terror, but never fully freed himself from the effects of his early reading. The dark heroes of the novels of Mrs. Radcliffe, Lewis and Maturin will own many a character in Balzac's maturer works as their offspring.¹²

Balzac frequently refers to the English novelists in his own works. He mentions Mrs. Radcliffe in his preface to the *Histoire des treize* and in the story, *La Fille aux yeux d'or*, which forms a part of this book. Traces of her influence may be seen in his novel, *l'Héritière de Birague* (1822). Lewis and Maturin, however, were Balzac's first masters in the art of fiction

¹¹ For the influence of the English School of Terror in France, the reader is referred to Alice M. Killen's dissertation, *le Roman "terrifiant" ou "roman noir" de Walpole à Anne Radcliffe et son influence sur la littérature française jusqu'en 1840* (1920; 2nd ed., 1924). Lewis's influence on French literature has been treated by Fernand Baldensperger in his article, *le Moine de Lewis dans la littérature française* in *The Journal of Comparative Literature*, vol. I (1903), pp. 201-19.

¹² Cf. A. Séché et J. Bertaut: *Balzac* (1910), p. 108.

and continued to be his inspiration to the end. In *Honorine* (1836), Balzac refers to Lewis's *Ambrosio the Monk*. Balzac's novel, *le Vicaire des Ardennes* (1822), is, for the most part, an imitation of *Ambrosio the Monk*. It was seized almost in the moment of its publication and destroyed by the government, but was later reprinted under the title *le Sorcier*. Lewis's influence can also be detected in Balzac's maturer works.¹³

Of all the novels of the English School of Terror, *Melmoth the Wanderer* left the deepest impression on the mind of Balzac. He held its author in high esteem and listed him among the poets who used the idea of an angel drawn by a demon to hell in order to refresh him with the dews of heaven (*l'Élixir de longue vie*). In a moment perhaps of indiscriminating enthusiasm, Balzac brackets the *Melmoth* of Maturin with the *Don Juan* of Molière, the *Faust* of Goethe, and the *Manfred* of Byron as "the great characters drawn by the greatest geniuses of Europe." Again, in his preface to *l'Histoire des treize*, our novelist speaks of *Melmoth* in the same breath with *Faust* and *Manfred*. Maturin's book, thanks to the honor of a loan which Balzac granted the author, continued to enjoy a high reputation among the French writers.

Balzac's novel, *le Centenaire ou les deux Behringheld* (1822), is an imitation, almost a translation, of *Melmoth*. The centenarian, Behringheld, is a sorcerer born in the fifteenth century. He can live eternally, on condition that he shall always find new human victims and induce them to sell themselves to him. Like *Melmoth*, he always seeks his victims among the unfortunates of the earth; but while *Melmoth*, in exchange for the gifts he can bestow, asks only for the souls of his victims, Behringheld sacrifices them to the very last drop of their blood. In the end, the centenarian, deprived of his prey in the last moment, is condemned to die.

Maturin's novel long haunted Balzac. Thirteen years after he had written *le Centenaire* he composed a sequel to *Melmoth the*

¹³ On Lewis's influence in the novels of Balzac, see Rémy de Gourmont: *Promenades littéraires*, 2e série (1905), p. 114; J. H. Retinger: *le Conte fantastique dans le romantisme français* (1909), pp. 31 and 110; H. Matthey: *Essai sur le merveilleux dans la littérature française depuis 1800* (1915), p. 223.

Wanderer in his story, *Melmoth réconcilié*. Other works of Balzac, chiefly *la Peau de chagrin* and *Séraphita*, also remind us of Maturin.¹⁴

In his later period, Balzac also came under the spell of the fantastic fiction of the German romantic school. The *fantaisies* of E. T. A. Hoffmann furnished an especially fertile field for Balzac's imagination. He had a deep appreciation of the gloomy genius of this genial German story-teller, and was one of Hoffmann's greatest admirers. He repeatedly refers to him in his novels and even employs his characters. Balzac calls Hoffmann "the poet of that which seems not to exist and yet has life" (*Une fille d'Ève*, 1838). The French Romantics defined the German's sort of supernaturalism as *le merveilleux naturel*.¹⁵ His supernatural is natural for the reason that it is the product of the author's abnormal sensibilities. The term now used for such wild cerebrations in a madman is Pathological Supernaturalism. The illusion produced in the mind of the reader is perfect, because the story carries with it the author's conviction of the truth of the events which he recounts.¹⁶

Hoffmann inspired Balzac with a renewed interest in the Devil. This German novelist accomplished for his country what Lewis did for England. To him may be traced the introduction of the Devil into the modern German novel. Hoffmann lived in constant dread of the Devil, and believed that the Evil One had, through a bargain, obtained possession of his soul, which could no longer escape eternal perdition. He lived almost always in company with the Devil, and was persuaded

¹⁴ On Maturin's influence in the novels of Balzac, see Le Breton: *les Origines du roman balzacien*, in *Revue de Paris*, t. V. (1903), pp. 789 and 813; J. H. Retinger, *op. cit.*, p. 110; Auguste Dupouy: *France et Allemagne* (1913), p. 103.

¹⁵ On the supernatural in Hoffmann's stories read P. Sucher's study, *les Sources du merveilleux chez E. T. A. Hoffmann* (1912).

¹⁶ In this connection the following story may be quoted. A famous French alienist of the last century invited a friend to dinner with the promise that among the guests would be one of his patients. The friend had no difficulty in picking out the crazy man. Who could be mistaken, with this big man beside him talking loudly and heatedly on a dozen subjects, silencing the whole company with his turgid eloquence? "That," remarked the physician, enjoying the joke he had played on his friend, "was Honoré de Balzac."

that when he worked, the Enemy of mankind stood behind him and looked over his shoulder, so that he often awakened his wife and begged her to watch with him and protect him. Hoffmann was the first modern writer to employ the awful aspect of Satanism and to express its connection with the dark and demonic element of the human soul.

Balzac formed himself on the model of Hoffmann. He imitated the German's tales in several of his works. This is especially marked in his fantastic 'philosophic' novels, like *la Comédie du diable*, *l'Élixir de longue vie*, *la Peau de chagrin*, *l'Auberge rouge*, and *Melmoth réconcilié*.

Balzac stubbornly refused, however, to admit his indebtedness to Hoffmann. When his novel, *la Peau de chagrin*, appeared, Charles de Bernard, in a review published in the *Gazette de Franche-Comté*, said that its author had been influenced by Hoffmann. Balzac denied this in a letter of August 25, 1831, and maintained that he did not know Hoffmann at all when he conceived the idea of the novel. This flatly contradicts a statement in the preface of the story, *l'Élixir de longue vie*, printed a year earlier. It is now generally assumed that the conception of the talisman in *la Peau de chagrin* has been borrowed by Balzac from Hoffmann's *Phantasiestücke* (1814). It is difficult to understand his refusal to admit his indebtedness to the German novelist. We must bear in mind the words of Voltaire: "Almost all literary work is imitation. . . . It is with books as with the fire on our hearthstones: we obtain kindling from our neighbors, light our own fire with it, pass it on to others, and it becomes the property of all." The late Anatole France, defending his own borrowings, said: "An idea is of no value apart from the form in which it is expressed; to give a new form to an old idea is the whole of art and the only creation possible to humanity" (*la Vie littéraire*, IV série, 1892). Moreover, in imitating Hoffmann, Balzac merely followed his natural bent. The affinity between the Frenchman and the German was great: the imitation which resulted was for this reason original re-elaboration.¹⁷

¹⁷ For further study of Hoffmann's influence on Balzac, the student is referred to the following works: E. L. Poitou: *Portraits littéraires et philo-*

Next to Hoffmann, Goethe was the German writer who most strongly influenced Balzac. Reminiscences of the *diablerie* in *Faust* will be found in many Balzacian novels, especially in *la Peau de chagrin*.¹⁸

LA COMÉDIE DU DIABLE (1830)

This is a fragment, or better, a prologue, of a novel which Balzac never finished. The book is a violent satire on human institutions, and is mainly directed against the literature of his day. Satan produces at his court a comedy, which is a representation of life on earth. The drama that follows forms a philosophic and symbolic judgment of life and letters in France during the Restoration period.

This idea also occurs in one of the Corpus Christi plays of Calderon, in which the Lord arranges a play for himself in the celestial theatre. Having determined to equal the Creator in every detail, the Devil also erects a theatre at his own court. The idea of satirizing humanity by means of a comedy played in hell was borrowed by Balzac from Lemer cier's *Panhypocrisiade* (1819). In employing Satan as a satirical device, Balzac follows an ancient tradition, which even Boileau, with his ban on the supernatural, could not kill, as may be seen from Le Sage's *le Diable boiteux* (1707).

The first part, *l'Introit*, was published in *la Mode* for November, 1830, and a fragment of the second part in *la Caricature* of the same month under the title: *Fragment d'une nouvelle Satire*

sophiques (1868), p. 97; Th. Süpfle: *Geschichte des deutschen Kultureinflusses auf Frankreich* (1886-90), Bd. II S. 155; E. M. Caro: *Poètes et romanciers* (1888), p. 288; Virgile Rossel: *Histoire des relations littéraires entre la France et l'Allemagne* (1897), p. 247; Le Breton, *op. cit.*, p. 813; Marcel Breuillac: *Hoffmann en France* in *Revue d'histoire littéraire de la France*, t. XIV (1907), pp. 74 ff.; Felix Steins: *Die Quellen von Balzacs Roman "la Peau de Chagrin,"* in *Zeitschrift für französische Sprache und Literatur*, Bd. XXXIV (1909) S. 51; A. Dupouy, *op. cit.*, p. 103; Matthey, *op. cit.*, pp. 130, 242-3.

¹⁸ For Goethe's influence on Balzac, cf. Joseph Texte: *Influence allemande dans le romantisme français*, in *Revue des deux mondes*, t. CCCLVI (1897), p. 627; A. Strindberg: *Balzac, Goethe, Schiller*, in *Neues Magazin*, Bd. VII (1904), III S. 501-2; Steins, *op. cit.*, S. 116-20.

Ménippée. The book first appeared, in its present form, the following year in the series *Romans et contes philosophiques*.

L'ÉLIXIR DE LONGUE VIE (1830)

This story, which falls within the Don Juan tradition, may well be considered fantastic fiction. Its central theme is the possession of a magic vial of rock-crystal containing an elixir, which, used to anoint the body, has the power to restore a dead person. Both the father of Don Juan and the blasphemer himself wish to obtain a physical resurrection by means of this elixir, but their hopes are defeated by their selfish children. This elixir is of diabolical origin, and both Don Juan and his father act under the Devil's directions.

This story recalls the method and manner of the German 'fantasists'. The author, in his preface, admits having used a plot heard in his boyhood from a friend and later found in a collection of narratives attributed to Hoffmann.¹⁹ At first sight, Hoffmann's *Elixire des Teufels* (1815) suggests itself as the model.²⁰ But this story of Hoffmann never was omitted by his publishers from his collected works, as Balzac asserted. Moreover, it was not published in the beginning of the century, as stated in Balzac's preface; and Balzac, who did not read German, could have read it only one year preceding the publication of his own story.²¹ As a matter of fact, the German story-teller was hardly known in France before 1829. All that relates the two works is the idea of an elixir possessing a diabolic power. Balzac's elixir, as has been shown, has the power to resurrect the dead, whereas Hoffmann's elixir, as will be seen, has the property to tempt to evil.

¹⁹ "At the outset of the author's literary life, a friend long since dead suggested to him the subject of this study, which he subsequently found in a collection of stories published about the beginning of this century. According to his conjecture, it is a fantastic creation written by Hoffmann of Berlin, probably published in some German almanac and overlooked by his publishers in collecting his works." (Preface to *l'Élixir de longue vie*).

²⁰ Hoffmann's story, *Don Juan* (1812), has nothing whatever in common with Balzac's tale about this personage.

²¹ The first French translation of Hoffmann's *Elixire des Teufels* did not appear until 1829. This edition did not bear the author's name. A second translation by Bedollière, crediting Hoffmann with its authorship, appeared in 1861.

Hoffmann's story goes back to the days of the Thebaid. When St. Anthony is in the desert, he obtains a bottle of this elixir from the Devil. This fatal phial is brought to Europe and falls into unworthy hands. After many centuries, a certain Italian prince, a painter and pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, drinks it and is fired with infernal aims and ambitions. He produces amazing paintings, commits a series of atrocious crimes, and finally consummates an unlawful union with a diabolical phantom, by whom a son is born to him. At the sight of this child, he is seized with the most agonized feelings of remorse. He is suffered to purchase his pardon on condition that he shall continue to do penance as a wanderer on the face of the earth until the race to which he has given origin shall die out in virtuous atonement. That end must focus in the person of some descendant, whose sanctity shall be as remarkable as was the original depravity of his doomed ancestor. This consummation comes in the eighteenth century in the person of Brother Medardus, who is the custodian of this elixir in a monastery in East Prussia. He also drinks it and is led to quit the cloister and to commit numerous crimes. But he repents in the end and thus brings about not only his own salvation but also that of his ancestor.

It is evident that the critics who asserted that Balzac borrowed the plot of his *Élixir de longue vie* from Hoffmann's *Elixiere des Teufels* judged from the word 'elixir' common to the two titles without taking the trouble to read the German book. It may, however, be taken for granted, from his own admission, that the French novelist imitated a German writer. Whether it was Hoffmann or another German Romanticist is a question less easy to answer.

LA PEAU DE CHAGRIN (1830-31)

In this novel, no integral part of the plot is formed by the marvellous element. This book is a cross between the supernatural romance and the psychological novel, belongs to what is called Symbolical Supernaturalism, and represents the eternal conflict between duty and desire, good and evil, soul and body. The fantastic fabric is woven upon the idea of a piece of skin possessing magic power.

A man has bought the certainty of having his every wish immediately gratified on condition that with each wish he shall curtail his days on earth. The symbol of this contract is a piece of shagreen. This talisman, of which the possessor can never rid himself, has the peculiar property of placing everything in the power of its possessor, but it shrinks in proportion to the number of wishes gratified. As the skin grows smaller with each object desired and obtained, its owner's life shortens with it. When it has shrunk to nothing, his days will be over.

The skin owes its magic power to Solomon's seal, which is stamped upon it. The myth of Solomon's domination over the angels, the winds, the genii and the birds by means of his magic ring is first found in the so-called second (Aramaic) translation of the Book of Esther.²²

The legend of the magic skin undoubtedly forms a part of the vast mythology which has been woven around the person of Solomon in the Oriental countries. According to a Talmudic legend, the Holy Land has the quality of a wild ass's skin. It expands or contracts in proportion to its population. The Devil himself, as successor to Hermes, has the ability to contract and expand himself at pleasure.

It would almost appear that this story is the modern version of the mediæval legend of a devil-pact. The magic skin is our substitute for the old-fashioned parchment on which our mediæval ancestors signed their contracts with the Devil. There is, of course, no question here of signing with one's blood—no terror of hell and damnation. But Raphael sold himself for wealth and luxury, as did Theophilus and Faust. The eccentric dealer in curiosities, who presented Raphael with the extraordinary piece of shagreen is, perhaps, the Wandering Jew. He may even be the Old Enemy in person. When, after several years, Raphael beholds again, at an opera, the face of that fantastic individual who handed him the fatal object, he is struck by its

²² *The Testament of Solomon*, an old document of the fifth century, recently translated into English by Mr. F. C. Conybeare, also tells how Solomon invoked and subdued the evil spirits at the building of the temple. According to a legend mentioned by Gérard de Nerval, this ring was given to Solomon by the Queen of Sheba, who was a descendant of the pre-Adamite race.

resemblance to the "ideal face that painters had given to Goethe's Mephistopheles." We need not wonder when we see that the Devil is in possession of Solomon's seal, although, according to legend, the king of Jerusalem recovered his ring after it had been thrown by the demon into the deep sea.

As the idea of the infernal origin of his talisman dawns upon the mind of Raphael, he returns to a belief "in the Devil and in all the instances of witchcraft narrated in the legends of the Middle Ages and elaborated by poets." Recoiling in horror from the fate of Faust, the young man suddenly invokes heaven, "having, like all men in the shadow of death, fervent faith in God and the Virgin Mary." Raphael knows well that the Blessed Virgin and the saints are always ready to take up any cause, however desperate, against the Adversary. If a man has concluded a bargain with Beelzebub and has thus forfeited his soul, he can always count upon the Mother of all Mercy to help him break the contract. Instances of this kind are many. The first man in Christendom who was bold enough to enter into a pact with the Devil, the ambitious priest Theophilus, of the sixth century, succeeded, with the Virgin's help, in evading the terms compounded between him and Satan, and escaped damnation. After seven years of wicked life, realizing that his end was near, he repented of his act and threw himself at the feet of the Holy Virgin, who in her deep compassion bent over him and stroked his burning brow. The Devil was forced to return the document by which the repentant sinner had pawned his salvation.

The mediæval Virgin has almost as much power as the Trinity. She is, as has well been remarked by Mr. Karl Pearson, the folk-vindication of its right to a goddess of its own kind.²³ In the mediæval drama, Christ gives his mother, upon her assumption to heaven, a crown and sceptre with full power over the Devil. It is she rather than her son who breaks the bolts and bonds of hell, and binds the Enemy with all his powers.²⁴ The Queen of Heaven is a sort of valkyr or amazon, always at war with the

²³ Cf. Karl Pearson: *The Chances of Death, and Other Studies in Evolution* (1897), vol. II, p. 351.

²⁴ In Ostendorfer's woodcut, the Virgin carries the keys of heaven and hell.

demons to snatch their pacts and the souls of the repentant sinners from them. The mediæval poets call her the Noah's Ark which carries men over the hell-flood. The stories of the pitying intervention of the Mother of Christ on behalf of sinners are, according to Mr. Henry O. Taylor, among "the fragrant flowers of the mediæval mind."²⁵ The Polish critic, Ignace Matuszewski, explains the rôle which is assigned to the Virgin in Catholic legend as a psychological atavism, a heritage of the mystic faith of the primitive peoples in the influence of the woman over the demon. The woman already possessed power over the evil spirits in pagan days. Kali Durga interceded in the fight between Siva and Darida. The mother of all men was told by the Lord that she could crush the serpent's head. The predominance of drollery, however, soon altered this poetic conception of woman. It is then the old toothless hag, spindle in hand, the very sight of whom puts the Devil to flight. The woman appears in this form in the mediæval farces and fabliaux. Modern rationalism has shorn the woman of her power over the Devil, and Raphael fails to find succor with the Virgin. He has forfeited his soul to the fiend, who carries him off in the end.²⁶

L'HÉRITIER DU DIABLE (1832)

This story is a bit of picaresque fiction with a dash of *diablerie*. The Devil does not appear in person, but is reputed to have taken possession of the body of a good old canon of Notre Dame, who was dead.

LE SUCCUBE (1833)

This is the story of mediæval superstition. The Devil is believed to appear here in the form of a woman—as a succuba—in order to tempt men and to lead them to evil. The belief prevailed in the Middle Ages that Satan is often manifest on earth clothed in all the natural perfections of woman, inciting men to

²⁵ Cf. Henry O. Taylor: *The Mediæval Mind* (1911), vol. I, p. 490.

²⁶ A very interesting modern version of this idea of woman's victory over the Devil will be found in Frederick Beecher Perkins's story, *Devil-Puzzlers* (1871), which has been reprinted in the present writer's anthology of *Devil Stories* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1921).

sin until their souls are by this means snatched from their bodies and carried off to hell. The incubi and succubi are demons, of whom the incubi are in the shape of men, and the succubi in female guise.

Zulma, the Mauritian, a courtesan of Tours, was believed to be possessed by the Devil. She had been brought to France from Africa by gypsies and left as a young girl in a church to fill the place of the Virgin Mary they had carried off. The ecclesiastics baptized her and placed her in a convent; but when she grew up, her Oriental blood asserted itself and she yearned for the world. After having escaped with the aid of a priest, who first taught her to sin, she sank lower and lower until she menaced the morals of the town. Hers was the fate of all women accused of witchcraft: she was burned publicly at the stake to the great glory of the Church.

The last two stories appeared in *les Cent Contes drolatiques* (1832-37), which are written in the manner and language of the sixteenth century. They are an imitation of the writings of Rabelais and of such stories as the *Cent nouvelles nouvelles* and the *Decamerone*. Only thirty droll stories appeared of the originally planned number. Balzac apparently grew tired of 'pantagruelizing.'

Fantastic and diabolic elements play an important part also in the stories, *Sans Paupière* and *Sarah la Danseuse*, contained in the *Contes bruns par une tête renversée* (1832), in which Balzac collaborated with Philarète Chasles. Balzac was also among the contributors to *le Diable à Paris* (1845-6), a collection of *tableaux parisiens*.

L'HISTOIRE DES TREIZE (1833-34)

This is the story of a secret fraternity of thirteen men, belonging to the most widely separated ranks and professions and bound to one another body and soul by bonds that can never be dissolved, remaining strangers however, in the sight of the world. Their devotion to one another's interests is superior to all moral or legal inhibitions. "The Thirteen," the author tells us, "realized all the wildest ideas conjured up by tales of the occult powers of a Manfred, a Faust or a Melmoth."

Their power, although acquired in a natural way, appeared to others supernatural and diabolical. This power provides, Balzac thinks, the supernatural machinery of his tale. For this reason he calls *l'Histoire des treize* "almost a fantastic story."

According to the author, the formation of this fraternity of unscrupulous men is "the history of the Society of Jesus . . . repeated for the Devil's benefit." The Devil dwells in the hearts of all the members of this group. Ferragus, the head of the band, is a devil, a fiend in human flesh. Montriveau has formed a compact with Fate. Henry de Marsay, who believes "neither in men nor in women, neither in God nor in the Devil," is said to have entered "as a simple soldier the service of Satan," from whom he holds his talismanic existence. Paquita, the girl with the golden eyes, who fascinated him, is said to be in the power of an infernal spirit.

The book is composed of three stories: *Ferragus*, *La Duchesse de Langeais* and *La Fille aux yeux d'or*.

LA RECHERCHE DE L'ABSOLU (1834)

Balthazar Claës, the modern alchemist, who drags his family down to poverty in his efforts to obtain the Philosopher's Stone, is, in the opinion of his wife, in search of a hellish secret. It is the fires of hell, she thinks, that heat his furnaces. The poor woman, who finally has to pay with her life for her husband's eccentricities, believes that the Polish officer and refugee, with that "yellow eye from which flashed the fire of Prometheus," is an incarnation of the Tempter, for it was he who put this idea into Balthazar's head. The monomaniacal gold-seeker, in the opinion of his pious wife, is possessed by the Devil, or at least is in the clutches of a diabolical thought. "The Devil only," she admonishes her husband, "could assist you to walk all by yourself amid these abysses from which there is no egress, amid that darkness where your path is lighted not by faith from on high, but by a ghastly belief in your faculties."

SÉRAPHITA (1834)

This is a Swedenborgian story. Wilfrid and Minna, two children of Norway, love a seraph (Séraphita to the boy and

Séraphitus to the girl), who has been banished from heaven. The mission of this angel is to infuse the divine word into the souls of these two beings who have become attached to him (or her). After having inspired them with faith in life eternal, the celestial visitor ascends leaving behind in the hearts of his earthly friends but one desire, that of going to God.

Séraphita is not the first angel to set foot on this ball of clay. (*vide Gen. 2; I Cor. xi, 10; cf. also Tertullian: De Virginibus Velandis*). One of the latest instances is recorded in H. G. Wells's story, *The Wonderful Visit* (1895).

MELMOTH RÉCONCILIÉ (1835)

In his continuation of *Melmoth the Wanderer*, Balzac gives Maturin's novel a different ending. In the English novel, Melmoth is unsuccessful in his efforts to hand over the infernal pact to another person and, in the end, is lawfully carried off by the Devil. In Balzac's story, Melmoth succeeds, after several centuries of wandering over the earth, in changing destinies with another mortal. Balzac also alters the character of the Wanderer. Maturin's Melmoth is anxious to go on living eternally, whereas Balzac's yearns for death. The Balzacian hero possesses the power of endless life, but has not the right to lay it down at will. He has obtained, under the terms of the contract, the power to know all, to comprehend all and to do all. He is the "peer of Lucifer", the Lord of life, by dint of the indwelling demon. He has everything that makes for happiness, but is unhappy. He has finally realized that it profits not a man to gain this world at the cost of his soul.

Melmoth, in his search for a soul, is unceasingly harried athwart the world by the hounds of hell. He will obtain the boon of death and the bliss of heaven only if he can find another soul to deliver to the Devil in compensation for his own. He seeks his victim among unfortunates; but no man, even in the most abject poverty and the greatest suffering, will buy health and wealth with his soul. Wherever he turns his steps, Melmoth meets with a tragic refusal—until he comes to Paris. In this town he at last finds a man willing to sell his soul to him for cash. The man is M. Castanier, a bank-cashier, who has

forged a signature and fears arrest. This Parisian enters upon the heritage of the Irishman. But he also soon repents of his act and is anxious to hand over the infernal gifts to another. This cashier, who received two million francs for his soul, now buys the soul of a broker for a few hundred thousand francs. It is now the broker's turn to get rid of his bargain, and he obtains for the small sum of ten thousand francs the soul of another man. In this manner, the price of souls sinks from day to day. The poor devil is given no rest and passes through a number of souls until he finally lands in a mere notary's clerk, whom he carries off in the end. The secret of the infernal power, brought to earth by the Irishman Melmoth, spiritual son of the old Reverend Charles Robert Maturin, is thus lost forever.

Balzac expresses in this story the orthodox view that "Satan is a devil through all eternity and is damned beyond redemption." Our author does not share the hope of the humanitarian Romantics of his day for the final salvation of Satan. He thinks, however, that if Satan should ever make peace with God, he ought, unless he is a great scoundrel, to stipulate for the pardon of his adherents (*l'Élixir de longue vie*).

In this book, we also find the Catholic belief that "the Devil is actuated by hate and malice" instead of the Romantic imaginative view that Satan is filled with feelings of love and goodwill to man.

GAMBARA (1837)

Gambara, the poor unbalanced musician, fairly "groans under the repeated blows of the demon." For this reason, as he says, he can well understand the Genius of Evil, "that great ape that every moment destroys the work of God." He sees "the threads by which the Devil leads us" and perceives "the Devil's tail wriggling in this world."

There is included here a very penetrating lyrical analysis of Meyerbeer's opera, *Robert le Diable* (1831). Gambara speaks of this "admirable song of the infernal regions" with great enthusiasm.

According to legend, Robert of Normandy is the spiritual son of Satan. He was conceived by a woman who prayed for

a son, first to God, the Virgin and the saints. When her prayers remained unanswered by the heavenly powers, she successfully invoked the Devil. At the moment of conception, the poor woman went so far as to devote her child to the Prince of Darkness. In Meyerbeer's opera, however, Robert is the physical son of Satan.

Bertha, the daughter of the ruler of Normandy, falls in love with the Devil, who appears as a foreign knight, and brings a son into the world. This son, whom she names Robert, has the beautiful face and the black heart of his father. He is a fiend in human flesh. The young man commits so many excesses that he is driven out of his country by his vassals. He repairs to Sicily, where he falls in love with the Princess Isabel. Robert attempts to abduct her, but is interrupted and would be killed if he were not aided by an unknown knight who covers his retreat. From that moment, this stranger is Robert's constant companion in his wanderings. He goes by the name of Bertram, but is none other than Robert's fiend-father, who comes up from his dreary dwelling to obtain possession of his son by further corrupting his heart.

After the Sicilian exploit, the two knights repair to Palermo, on the ramparts of which city they pitch their tents. In the midst of a wild party, Rambaldo, a Roman minstrel, is brought in. He tells Robert that, with his betrothed, who is Robert's foster-sister, he has been sent to find him and to bring him the sad news of his mother's death. The deceased duchess had asked her daughter Alice to seek her lost son and to deliver her death-bed will, to be read by him when he shall be worthy. He is told that his mother blessed him with her last breath and declared that she would pray for him in heaven as she prayed for him on earth. Indeed, the soul of his mother hovers from now on over his head. Alice meets her brother's companion and by instinct divines his real nature.

Bertram, displeased at the sudden arrival of Alice and Robert's subsequent manifestations of distrust towards him, goes down to the infernal regions to ascertain whether he will be permitted to realize his designs. The answer is that, unless Robert should yield himself freely to him that very night, a

higher power would rend him from hell forever. Bertram now proceeds with a firmer hand. He prevails upon Robert to pluck a magic branch from the tomb of his mother at midnight. Robert plucks the branch, hurries with it to Messina and by its means attempts again to abduct the princess, now married to his rival. The princess, however, by earnest appeals to his honor and by fervent prayers to heaven, brings him back to his better self, and by breaking the magic branch destroys the charm. Robert is again in straits and appeals to his fiendish friend. Bertram will help him only on condition that he sign a pact. At this moment, sacred music is heard. Robert listens, remembers his mother and weeps.

To counteract the impression of the celestial sounds, Bertram discloses himself to Robert. When Robert learns the mystery of his birth, he will not abandon Bertram. He is on the point of following his fiend-father when his sister appears and pleads with him. She hands him now the last will of his mother in order to call forth his better self. Robert wavers; his heart is divided; the good and evil within him fight for mastery. The clock strikes the fatal hour which seals the doom of Bertram. He has no longer any power over his son. Heaven has snatched his prey from him. The earth opens and swallows up the demon. The Prince of Grenada, Robert's rival, a spirit of hell brought to earth by Bertram to offer opposition to his son, also disappears. Robert, conducted by Alice, enters the cathedral and joins the princess, who has been waiting for him at the altar.

In *Robert le Diable* the *motif* of the Devil's son first appears in fiction. The legend was utilized in a novel of the thirteenth century. Its first dramatization will be found in the *Miracles de Notre-Dame* of the fourteenth century.²⁷ In the original version Robert the Devil is saved through the instrumentality not of his own mother but of the mother of Christ. After he has repented of his misdeeds, Our Lady takes pity on him, secures his pardon and has him married to the emperor's daughter.

²⁷ The miracle-play *Robert le Diable* was edited by E. Löseth and appeared, in 1903, in the *Publications de la Société des anciens textes français* (vol. 74). It has been modernized by Edouard Fournier and was played for the first time in 1879.

Among the other sons of Satan may be mentioned Merlin the Wizard, who did not follow in his father's footsteps.²⁸ Mohamed, Luther and Faustus were also considered to be children of the Devil. Ezzelino, the tyrant of Padua (in Albertino Mussato's *Eccelinus*), another son of Satan, lived as befitting his birth.²⁹

MAXIMILIAN RUDWIN.

The University of Pittsburgh.

²⁸ According to Anatole France, Merlin was born of a Sylph and a nun (*la Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque*, 1893).

²⁹ Lucifer asserts in Byron's *Cain* (1821) that he has no children. "My brotherhood's with those who have no children," he complains.

HELEN

While battle dust hung heavy in the air
 Came Helen to the tower. About her head
 She drew her shining veil, and softly shed
 Warm tears, and looked out toward Scamander, where
 Men fought for her. And gazing on her there,
 Weeping and veiled, the Trojan elders said:
 "Small wonder Greeks and Trojans bear the dread
 Distress of war thus long, for one so fair!"

On many another watch-tower since that day
 The watchers' hearts have mingled hopes and fears
 As clouds of battle rose and rolled away;
 And other eyes than hers have dimmed with tears.
 Yet men of alien race and land still may
 See Helen's beauty through the veil of years.

CORNELIA C. COULTER.

Vassar College.

THE AIMS IN THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

In the pages that follow, I wish briefly to attempt an answer to the question: What are the objects to be borne in mind in the teaching of literature, especially English literature; and, if there be more than one object, which occupies the first rank?

Literature is the expression of life, and of life in the highest forms known to us in which it is capable of preservation and perpetuation. What the rose is to the alga; what the horse or the elephant is to the mollusk; what man, considered merely as animal, is to the brute creation; such is the spiritual life of man in contrast with his merely physical life. Over all the forms of organized life, rank above rank, the vast and manifold hierarchy of created beings, the spiritual life of man moves supreme and regnant; and it is of this life that literature is the completest permanent expression. Literature is a disclosure; the thing disclosed is the human soul. Literature is a revelation; the object which it reveals is the highest potency of vital function, the play of man's noblest and most distinctive powers as seen through the most transparent of media. "A good book," says Milton, "is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." If this be true—and who can doubt it?—it follows that the prime object of the teaching of literature is the communication of life in this, its quintessential form.

The most familiar phase under which life manifests itself is that of energy. This is what we mean by saying of a boy: "He is full of life." The Greeks cultivated athletics as promotive of animal life in its energies and activities. Any ball-game or boat-race is an exhibition of the splendid force resident in young manhood, and it is precisely because the spectacle of life at its highest tension is always interesting that athletic contests are so numerous attended. No consideration of literature would be adequate, therefore, which failed to take into account its dynamic agency; or rather, any such consideration which ignored the dynamics of literature would be like the play of *Hamlet* with

Hamlet left out. What else did Sir Philip Sidney mean by the oft-quoted remark: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart moved more than with a trumpet"? And he goes on to say: "In Hungary I have seen it the manner at all feasts, and other such meetings, to have songs of their ancestors' valor, which that right soldier-like nation think the chiefest kindlers of brave courage." And again: "But as the unimitable Pindar often did, so is that kind most capable and most fit to awake the thoughts from the sleep of idleness, to embrace honorable enterprises." Nay, since such a man of action as Sidney has good right to be heard on this theme, let us listen to him yet once more: "For, as the image of such action stirreth and instructeth the mind, so the lofty image of such worthies most inflameth the mind with desire to be worthy." Here it is significant that he adds: "And informs with counsel how to be worthy." This is no less important than the other. Literature not only incites to, but qualifies for, action; and, because it is an expression of the spiritual life, the action to which it incites is not motiveless and indeterminate, but large in its scope, wise in its purpose, and pregnant with rich and far-seen results.

This leads to another point. The activity to which literature incites is a rational activity. If we may believe Aristotle, this is the highest thing of which man is capable. "The chief good of man," says he, "consists in an activity of the soul in accordance with its own excellence." How shall we determine what its own excellence is? We must listen to the counsels of the wise, and heed the monitions of experience. Literature is the spur to raise the clear spirit, but no less is it the mentor to warn against pitfalls and delusions. If it did this solely in the guise of abstract moralizings, we should still be grateful for the instructions imparted; but it frequently chooses a more excellent way, and embodies its doctrines in moving pictures of human life, whose charm none can resist, and whose lessons none can gainsay.

We shall become confirmed in the faith that these are the chief offices of literature if we consider the aim and manner of literary teaching in the three greatest nations of antiquity, and

in their palmiest days. The earliest literature of the Hebrews consisted of communications which they believed to have emanated directly from God, together with songs and records commemorating events of their own history. In what spirit were these taught? In the sixth chapter of Deuteronomy occurs this exhortation:—

And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down, and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes, and thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.

And again in the 78th Psalm:—

I will open my mouth in a parable; I will utter dark sayings of old, which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us. We will not hide them from their children, showing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord, and his strength, and the wonderful works that he hath done.

“The wonderful works that he hath done” constituted, of course, the history of the Jewish people; this they taught in the manner described in the fourth chapter of the book of Joshua:—

When your children ask their fathers in time to come, What mean ye by these stones? then ye shall answer them, that the waters of Jordan were cut off before the ark of the covenant of the Lord; when it passed over Jordan, the waters of Jordan were cut off; and these stones shall be for a memorial unto the children of Israel for ever.

The chanting of the Psalms in the Temple service, and the reading of the sacred books in the synagogue, illustrate how the literature of the Hebrews was taken to heart, and not merely to mind.

Not less striking and significant was the practice of the Greeks, which is conveniently summarized by Shelley:—

The poems of Homer and his contemporaries were the delight of infant Greece; they were the elements of that social system which is the column upon which all succeed—

ing civilization has reposed. Homer embodied the ideal perfection of his age in human character; nor can we doubt that those who read his verses were awakened to an ambition of becoming like to Achilles, Hector, and Ulysses; the truth and beauty of friendship, patriotism, and persevering devotion to an object were unveiled to their depths in these immortal creations; the sentiments of the auditors must have been refined and enlarged by a sympathy with such great and lovely impersonations, until from admiring they imitated, and from imitation they identified themselves with the objects of their admiration.

To the same effect are the observations of Cardinal Newman:—

To be read in Homer soon became the education of a gentleman; and a rule, recognized in her free age, remained as a tradition even in the times of her degradation. Xenophon introduces to us a youth who knew both *Iliad* and *Odyssey* by heart; Dio witnesses that they were some of the first books put into the hands of boys; and Horace decided that they taught the science of life better than Stoic or Academic. Alexander the Great nourished his imagination by the scenes of the *Iliad*. As time went on, other poets were associated with Homer in the work of education, such as Hesiod and the Tragedians. The majestic lessons concerning duty and religion, justice and providence, which occur in Æschylus and Sophocles, belong to a higher school than that of Homer; and the verses of Euripides, even in his lifetime, were so familiar to Athenian lips and so dear to foreign ears, that, as is reported, the captives of Syracuse gained their freedom at the price of reciting them to their conquerors.

Referring to Roman education, Newman adds a reproach to which we, notwithstanding what has been accomplished in our country and generation, may well shrink from listening:—

Even to this day Shakespeare and Milton are not studied in our course of education; but the poems of Virgil and Horace, as those of Homer and the Greek authors in an earlier age, were in schoolboys' satchels not much more than a hundred years after they were written.

I have said that the main function of literature is the communication of life. But the life to be imparted is twofold, at the very least. In one aspect, it is the life of the individual author.

The primary meaning of author is originator. How an author may be a fountain of life is exemplified in Wordsworth's sonnet, *To Milton*, where the great poet is adjured to raise the whole English nation to a higher level of sentiment and action:—

. We are selfish men;
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

In like manner Wordsworth exclaims in another sonnet:—

Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!

Every great author is thus a wellspring of life. At lowest, he chastises the iniquity, and satirizes the foibles, of his generation. If he be novelist or dramatist, he shows, by logic as inexorable as the frame of things itself, to what end certain courses infallibly lead. If he be a lyrist, he pours forth the aspirations of his own heart, tending toward love, harmony, more refined manners, a purer social state, the pleasures of the inner life. The things which he glorifies are lovely and of good report, for only thus can he be assured of a lasting place in the regard and affections of men. There is, accordingly, no author of the first rank who is not a source or propagator of the higher life, the life of the soul. Even if he but denounce abuses, or stigmatize one of the Protean forms of evil, he may be regarded as one who removes rubbish from a water-course, or repairs a broken conduit. Are not Longfellow, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, each in his own way, fountains of living water for the refreshment and invigoration of our whole people?

If now we ask what other form of life remains to be communicated, the answer is not far to seek. Man is by nature a social being, or, as Aristotle phrases it, a political animal. He is born as a member of a state, a commonwealth. If he is in one sense the heir of all the ages, in another, and one no less important, he is peculiarly the heir of his own nation, and kindred, and people, and tongue. One of his first needs is to be made acquainted with his heritage. Where lie the streams, where the mines of precious ore, where the tracts of arable, where the un-

cleared woodlands? What parts have been cultivated, what neglected? Is there marl for enriching the waste places, stone for building, timber for fencing? He is heir of all alike, of his poverty no less than of his wealth. His it is to plant, to reclaim, to dig and fertilize, to defend, as well as to enjoy. He is free-born, full and rightful owner of every rood. Who shall dispute his right to do what he pleases with his estate? Yet who will not censure him if he allows it to run to waste, and how shall he make it yield abundantly for his own and others' use, unless he be acquainted with its resources? Is this true in figure only, and not also in the reality? An English poet who died just fifty years ago has felicitously touched this string in two noble sonnets addressed to America. The second runs:—

. Oh ye
 Who north or south, on east or western land,
 Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
 Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
 For God; oh ye who in eternal youth
 Speak with a living and creative flood
 This universal English, and do stand
 Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
 Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
 Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
 Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
 Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
 Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
 And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

But to come back to prose. We have a legacy of thoughts, of virtues, of sentiments, principles, deeds—nay, of defects too, for why should we deny it?—which it behooves us to explore. We can only know ourselves, the present age, whither we are tending and whither we should tend, on condition of exploring it. And it is no answer to say that the outlines of English and American history are taught in our schools and colleges. For here again we need, not skeletons, but life. It is the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge which must blow upon these dead bones. Should we not all be better patriots, better citizens, better men and women, if we had been duly instructed in these things? And can the boy know English history who has not diligently explored Shakespeare, or Scottish history who has

never been charmed by the Wizard of the North? We should, then, appropriate the distinction traced above, and be prepared to act upon it—namely, that there is in English literature not only the individual life to be considered, the life of the individual author, but likewise a corporate life, representing the sum of the tendencies which at any given time have made for righteousness and peace, or, taken most broadly, the parallel or convergent trend of the tendencies which, from the dawn of English history, have reinforced and enriched the life of the spirit. These things it behooves us to know, not at second-hand, but by the seeing of the eye, by the exploration and gauge of every most delicate sense within us.

There must, then, be a life proceeding from the teacher of this subject which shall coöperate with the life radiated from the literature itself. This is a topic worthy of distinct treatment. Here, however, it may be regarded as a necessary corollary of the thoughts thus far advanced. The teacher of English literature, if he is anything, is an interpreter, or a causer of interpretations in others, of the forms which this spiritual life assumes. He is a hierophant of these sacred mysteries, and woe to him if he has never been initiated himself! The race to which he belongs is giving institutions and standards to the world. Of all the best of these institutions and standards he should be the inviolable repository. He stands forth as a treasure-house; and what if the treasury be empty, or but a nesting-place for unclean birds? Such a teacher—if such there be—should at once betake himself to one of the oldest books in the language, and read the volume of instructions which King Alfred translated for his teachers, and for his own guidance as well, under the title of *The Book of the Shepherd*. If then he dare to return to his occupation—I will not say his vocation—it will be with a new sense of its importance and its responsibilities.

But literature is not merely an expression of life, and of life in its quintessential form. It is all this, and more. It is an ordered and beautiful expression, manifesting itself as an art. Strictly speaking, it could not be a revelation of life on any other terms. Life is rhythmical; life is passionate; and the highest

species of literature, whatever else they are, are instinct with rhythmical passion. Life, when natural and untrammelled, tends to disport itself, to deal freely and playfully with surrounding objects, and to shape and arrange them, in accordance with the laws of its own inner being, it is true, but still in free and playful fashion. This is the genesis of art. Life, when purest and most vigorous, when the blood surges and pulses through the veins in obedience to an emotion by which it is stirred, leaps spontaneously into dance and song, conceives the unseen divinity, and images its perfection in the flowing lines of the marble, and enshrines the statue in a temple which again has all the symmetry, the mathematical proportions, the recurrent themes, and the modulations, of the very art which is preëminent for mobility—of music itself.

Such symmetry, such flow, such rhythm, as we find in the other arts, encounter us likewise in the art of literature. Literature is more definite than music, because it expresses concrete thought, and not mere emotion. It is less rigid and restrained than sculpture and architecture, because it is executed in a more plastic medium. It is less ethereal than the one; but then it is less ponderous and earthy than the others. It may be regarded as standing betwixt two extremes, and consisting in a union of qualities displayed in each severally, so far as these diverse qualities are capable of mutual accommodation.

If it be conceded that literature is an art, and one of the greatest, it will at once appear that no teaching of it is complete, or even adequate, which ignores this fundamental characteristic. As there can be no teaching of literature which overlooks its dynamic qualities, so there can be none which is blind to its artistic qualities. If there is symmetry, it must be discerned; if rhythm, it must be appreciated; if integrity of structure, making a multitude of parts subservient to a single central and regulative conception, it must be emphasized. Whatever is constitutive of the literature as art must be present as such to the mind of the teacher, and so held that it may be capable of shedding a clear and beautifying radiance upon every line of the composition. The teacher's synthesis, like the author's, must comprehend a multitude of particulars, each susceptible of being

separately apprehended by an analytic process, however intuitive and immediate be the total conception in any given instance.

It is evident that we might now frame a rough definition of literature which should include the elements that we have recognized in it, and couch it in some such words as these: "Literature comprises wisdom and spiritual energy under the aspect of beauty." Perhaps no one would be inclined to accept this as a precise and in every way adequate definition of literature; nevertheless, it may stand as a convenient formula by which to recall its main constituents.

It remains to consider by what test the proper teaching of literature shall be tried and known. I have but one to propose, and that is the effect actually produced upon the pupil. Whatever be our theory of teaching English, if the pupil does not demonstrate its excellence, either the theory is false, or else the practice is defective. By this I do not mean that one's work is to be gauged by the amount of immediate pleasure experienced by the pupil. Nothing could be more fallacious than such a criterion as applied to the teaching of English, for in no branch is it so easy to create good-humor by specious and sciolistic dabbling. Some of the foolishlest teaching ever attempted—if by this name it should be dignified—has been by men whose chief aim it was to be admired for their clever presentation of the most difficult of subjects, and who sought to send away their students pleased with English, pleased with their teacher, and most of all pleased with themselves. But neither, on the other hand, should one seek to render it repulsive, for this would be to defeat the radical purpose at the very outset. The true teacher will not be content with the production of immediate pleasure, still less with the production of immediate repugnance. He has, primarily, nothing to do with either, though secondarily and incidentally he may have. His business is to facilitate the communication of life, as spiritual energy and wisdom, under the forms of beauty and art. His office is therefore to assist in the creation, or re-formation, of human character. This may be a pleasant process to the subject of it, but may also, at least in some of its stages, be a painful one. I would distinguish between the teaching of English literature to the student, and the

teaching of the student by means of English literature. Wordsworth, in a sentence which has become proverbial, says: "I have at all times endeavored to look steadily at my subject." Now the subject of the teacher of English literature is not English literature—if the reader will pardon the seeming paradox—but the individual boy or girl, young man or young woman, under his charge. The teaching of literature is an exercise in experimental psychology. It demands first of all a knowledge of human nature—of actual human nature, but, more especially, of ideal human nature. It demands this, because the literature itself can be comprehended only on this condition. It demands this, because this is the sole condition upon which the virtue of literature can be economically and effectively communicated.

But I will suppose that a more definite answer is required to the question: How shall we know when English is well taught? It may be urged: This talk about the communication of life is vague; how shall we know when it is communicated? I reply: You may know by your pupil's oral and written expression. If he has learned to feel nobly and to think nobly, his expression will be noble. If he has learned to feel justly, and to think justly, his expression will be just. If he has learned to feel delicately and to think accurately, his expression will be delicate and accurate. I will engage to go into a schoolroom, ask the teacher to set a dozen boys of fifteen to writing on a given topic, and then tell, if the papers are displayed five feet off, which of the boys has had the best teaching in English or its nearest disciplinary equivalent, or, at all events, which has most profited by it. Perhaps it would be still easier to say who had received the least advantage. I will then take those same papers and read them over carefully, and in nine cases out of ten shall find my first opinion confirmed. The boy who has appreciated beauty and art in literature will betray the fact in his very handwriting. By this I do not mean that he will write a copperplate hand, but that his writing will have a distinguishable character and style, due to the training by which he has profited. There is a vulgarity in the very mechanics of composition, as well as in expression more strictly so called, which betrays itself at a glance. Now vulgarity is inconsistent with the appropriation

of vital energy and wisdom, under the forms of beauty. Ruskin has clearly set forth this truth. Discussing vulgarity in the fifth volume of *Modern Painters*, he says:—

Two years ago, when I was first beginning to work out the subject, and chatting with one of my keenest-minded friends, I casually asked him, "What is vulgarity?" merely to see what he would say, not supposing it possible to get a sudden answer. He thought for about a minute, then answered quietly, "It is merely one of the forms of Death." I did not see the meaning of the reply at the time; but, on testing it, found that it met every phase of the difficulties connected with the inquiry, and summed the true conclusion.

If, then, as Ruskin proceeds to demonstrate, vulgarity is indeed one of the forms of death, how inconsistent must it be with the possession of rich and abounding spiritual life!

It will now be evident that the teaching of literature must be coupled with constant practice in expression, both oral and written, and that it is scarcely possible on any other terms. Expression enables the teacher to look steadily at his subject, namely, the human being who is the recipient of his instruction; this is the only instrumentality which will enable him to look steadily at his subject; and hence I can conceive of no other way in which the sound and thorough teaching of literature is possible.

All this while I have been discussing English, yet have said nothing of English scholarship. If I had been speaking of Latin or Greek, the reader would have reproached me if I had failed to make mention of Greek or Latin scholarship. What then, in a few brief sentences, is to be said about the province of scholarship in the teaching of English? Scholarship may be regarded, by those who are so inclined, as an end in itself. In this they would have the countenance of Aristotle, who declares; "All men naturally desire to know." Here, however, we may perhaps make a useful distinction. Scholarship may partake of the nature of science, or of the nature of philosophy. There is a lower species of knowledge with reference to literature, and also a higher species. To the former head may be referred the ascertainment of the facts necessary for the illustration of litera-

ture; the study of the more superficial relations between a literary production and the circumstances under which it was produced; the study of the more obvious relations which pieces of literature sustain to one another; together with everything of a kindred nature. On the other hand, the study of the higher and highest relations under which literature can be conceived might properly be denominated philosophy; of such a philosophy of literature Plato furnishes a good, and perhaps the earliest important, illustration.

Neither of these kinds of literary scholarship is coeval with literature itself; but of the two it is the former sort, what I have called science, or scholarship of the lowest order, which is historically the later in origin. When the Alexandrian critics wished to determine for the world what Homer had actually written, they called in the aid of scholarship for the purpose. I need not go so far as to term grammarians and textual critics the parasites of literature, but it is no doubt true that their profession is an ancillary one, and that they are most successful within the limits of their proper vocation when they have determined what was written, when it was written, by whom, what is the import of obscure passages, and matters of a similar nature. In other words, it is their function to set us face to face, and eye to eye, with the literature itself. Without them we should see through a glass, darkly. We often do, at best. But were it not for them we should do so more frequently, and the darkness would be thicker.

The erection of such scholarship into a distinct subject of teaching is accordingly later than the first teaching of literature itself. One proof of this, if any were needed, might be found in the passage from Newman quoted above. Another may be inferred from the fact that, as late as Quintilian, the term 'grammarian', the Latin *grammaticus*, signified what we should understand by a critical teacher of literature, though one who was to use grammar, and indeed all subordinate disciplines, as a means of making his instruction definite and effective. The teaching of grammar as an end in itself was, in the main, reserved for the ages called dark and barbarous, when the teaching of literature, by which we must of course understand the Latin lit-

erature, was practically interdicted to the monks, lest the morals of the pupil should be corrupted, and his imagination defiled.

I would not be understood as disparaging scholarship in general, nor the separate disciplines which compose it; rather would I point out by how indissoluble a bond it and they are related to the teaching of literature, whatever opinion may be entertained about them as separate, or rather isolated, branches of knowledge. But if science is thus important in its relation to literature, much more is philosophy. The teaching of literature as an exponent of national or racial life implies such a philosophy, and so does all comparative teaching of literature. But no less does the profound and fruitful teaching of any single piece of literature demand a philosophy, a philosophy of the thing taught in relation to the mind, or rather the whole nature, of the learner. Here, then, the wheel comes full circle. We end where we began. The end of literature and its teaching is the communication of the life of the spirit, in its vigor and its restraint, in its power and its beauty.

ALBERT STANBURROUGH COOK.

Yale University.

CROSS-APPRAISALS

That dull clown at the plough,
Plodding till day be dim,—

There's beauty in him, I vow,
Strange beauty in him!

That idle chap by the wall,
Why is he mooning about?—

There's nothing in him at all,
Far as I can make out.

NICHOLAS NORMAN.

THE HAPPY ENDING

MISS PRISM. The good ended happily, and the bad unhappily. That is what fiction means.

CECILY. I suppose so. But it seems very unfair.

—*The Importance of Being Earnest.*

American theatre-goers notoriously prefer the happy ending, agreeing in this with the public of the novel and of the moving picture. For the most part they avow their taste unblushingly. It is the exception when a piece in which all does not end well, like *Rain* or *Beyond the Horizon*, is successful. Yet there is an ancient and still living doctrine that tragedy is the highest form of drama, and there are not wanting those who profess to see something childish in the insistence upon unvaryingly happy endings.

Where is the truth of the matter? Are happy endings better or worse than unhappy endings? Why does the average person dislike the unhappy ending? Why do some dramatists, like Galsworthy, refuse to give us the happy ending, while the great majority give us nothing else? With a little reflection, we come to further questions. What does the ending of a play really end? Is it necessary that plays have endings at all? If they do, do they resemble actions in real life? When is an ending really happy?

Aristotle, the first of all dramatic theorists, defines an ending as that which naturally comes after something else, in a sequence either necessary or usual, and has nothing else following it. Here, in a single sentence, is the root of the whole matter. Aristotle implies that the dramatist may end his play by a surprising and unusual turn of events, if only he can make it appear to be the inevitable result of what has gone before; or may end it in a way not inevitable, but merely natural and credible, so long as we do not challenge it as unusual. He also declares that nothing follows the end. By this he means that the end is the conclusion of the plot, that we are to feel that this particular incident or action is closed.

This last can be true only in a limited sense. As St. John Hankin has said:—

All endings are in fact purely arbitrary. There is a sense, of course, in which nothing in life ever ends—just as there is a sense in which nothing in life ever begins. With earth's first clay they did the last man knead, and we all of us, like Melchizedek, have neither beginning of days nor end of life. We began ages before our individual birth and shall continue ages after our individual death. We exist forever in our causes and our results. But for practical purposes we find it convenient to assume that things do begin and end at some particular point, and we divide our lives more or less arbitrarily into a series of episodes of which we say, "This one began here," and "That one ended there."

Besides this, the plays of which Aristotle was speaking were composed in trilogies, that is, some were followed by two sequels, others by one. Like any other sensible person using such language, he must have meant simply that nothing came after the end that was necessary for the artistic completeness of the composition—that the audience should have a right to feel that something had been settled.

The drama has been defined by Professor Martin Sampson as "a logical transition from one state of equilibrium to another." This both defines a real ending and by implication shows why we wish to have it. We want to feel that we have arrived at our journey's end, that we have solved our problem, that for the moment at least we may dismiss the subject from our minds. We feel at the end of *Hamlet* or of *Othello* that no sequel is possible; here with good reason, for everybody that counts is dead. We are less confident of this at the end of *As You Like It*, although everybody that counts is either beginning a honeymoon or retired to a hermit's cell. It may be that the formerly wicked Duke will seek to regain his power. It may be that Touchstone and Audrey, Phoebe and Silvius, will grow discontented with each other. Shakespeare admits that the marriage of Oliver and Celia has been hastily patched together. Perhaps the felicity even of Orlando and Rosalind will not be eternal. But none the less, for the time being and for some time to come, everything is settled, and whatever may eventually follow the fifth act of

As You Like It will be no part of the play which we have seen, but a new play, or even a set of new plays, with some changes, too, in the cast of characters.

What happened ten years after the famous discomfiture of Shylock by Portia has lately been revealed by St. John Ervine in *The Lady of Belmont*. Portia, on the very anniversary of the trial, was entertaining Bellario and some of Bassanio's old friends. Shylock, travelling uninvited to see Jessica and his grandsons, fell ill on the way and was taken into her house. He was once more rich, and had become a Venetian senator. Bassanio, meanwhile, had squandered the greater part of Portia's wealth and was now making love to Jessica. Only Shylock and Portia have stood the test of years; the others are without dignity or honor. This play, too, comes to an end: Shylock lends the money to restore Portia's fortunes, and takes Jessica, with her family, back to Venice, where she will be unable to cause mischief in Portia's household and where his grandchildren may grow up in some affection for him. Once more, for the time being, everything is settled, although both Portia and Lorenzo have good reason to expect fresh trouble before long.

But for some time we have had plays that make little pretence of ending, even in this sense. Granville Barker's *Madras House* can hardly be said to end. It is true that in the course of the play a London department store passes into the hands of an American syndicate. It is also true that Mr. Constantine Madras leaves England for good. But for Mr. Huxtable's daughters nothing ends. Their humdrum existence is to go on in unending monotony. Action, as a source of interest, is replaced by discussion of the dry-goods trade, of fashions, of the domestic, economic, and moral status of woman, of the obligations of the successful man to his community.

Chekhov's *Three Sisters*, played last season in New York by the Moscow Art Theatre, is another such "slice of life". The sisters live in a provincial town thirteen miles from a railroad. Olga is a high school teacher, Masha is married to a schoolmaster, Irma works in a telegraph office. The two unmarried sisters are trying to make up their minds to go back to Moscow to live. Two or three members of the garrison kill time by

talking love to Irma; one or two others make love to Masha. At the end of the play, Irma is engaged to be married, Olga has become headmistress of the high school, the garrison is leaving for Poland. No one is a step nearer to Moscow, and no one can be sure that the lives of the three sisters in the next week or year will be any more or less eventful than in the period of time covered by the play. The drama is all middle, without beginning or end. None the less, it is said to move Russians to tears.

Shaw's *Heartbreak House* is in the manner of Chekhov, but with a little more pretence of beginning and ending. Captain Shotover's long-absent daughter and his long-banished son-in-law turn up at his house on the same day that his other daughter's girl friend comes for a visit and that the nurse's long-lost husband, now a burglar, is captured on the premises. There is little resembling ordinary dramatic action. In the third act the house is bombed by Zeppelins while the whole party is out on the lawn. Only the undesirables are killed. The survivors agree that it was a glorious experience, and hope that the bombers will come again. Ellie Dunn, the young visitor, announces that she has found her ideal husband in Captain Shotover, aged eighty-eight. One feels not so much that the play is ended as that it is bedtime.

Galsworthy's *Pigeon* is another play with an ending that ends nothing. An incurably charitable middle-aged artist has the habit of giving his card to all the unfortunates he meets, and inviting them to come to his studio for help. In and out of the studio, during the course of the play, drift three derelicts: a drunken cabman, a cheery Belgian vagabond, a spiritless young woman of defective intelligence and morals. The artist's daughter succeeds in moving him to another studio, to rescue him from these parasites, but he manages to give them all his new address, and when the play is over it is clear that nothing has been changed. People cannot be re made. Reformers are well-meaning but mistaken. The luckless three are leading the only kind of life they know how to lead. So is the artist. All the characters are doing exactly as they did before the play began and as they will do to the end of their lives. The whole point of the play lies in its having no ending.

If some plays do not end at all, others might have ended long before the last act, if the author had not skilfully provided some bit of mechanism to keep the action going. Rostand's delightful little comedy *Les Romanesques* would be over at the end of the first act if it were not for three words. Two fathers wish their children to marry, and know that they will not do so if they are told. Consequently they feign a violent antipathy to the match, and arrange to have the young lady abducted by a melodramatic brigand and rescued by the youth. This happens. The young people are thrilled by the spirit of romance. The fathers bless the union. A one-act romantic comedy has come to a happy ending. But just as the curtain is going down, the brigand exclaims: "And my bill?" If this were to be a one-act play, these words would be an aside, or a remark addressed to the two fathers and unheard by the enraptured lovers. But the lovers hear it. Hence we have a second act, in which they are parted as a result of their disillusionment—unhappy ending. And again, a third act, in which they are reunited—happy ending.

In *The Fugitive*, Galsworthy might have stopped almost at the end of any act. Claire walks out of her husband's house, like Nora Helmer. That might have been the end of the play. She attempts self-support, and finds herself incompetent. She might have gone back to her husband and been reconciled, the ending of Jones's *Rebellious Susan*. That would have been a 'happy' ending. Instead, she attaches herself to a semi-Bohemian journalist. This might have been the end, like that of the opera *Louise*, another 'happy' ending. But the arrangement does not work. She might have died then, like Audrey in *Michael and His Lost Angel*—a touching end. Instead, we have a last act in which she looks over the edge of the precipice that she sees before her and saves herself by taking poison. The author's intention is plain: for Claire, educated only to be a lady, without means, talent, or training for any livelihood, the world offered many possible endings, but none that was really happy.

What is a happy ending, and why should it be popular? Octave Feuillet's *Romance of a Poor Young Man* will serve as

the type. The romance in question consists of the young man's becoming rich and marrying an heiress. It may be that in the last act he also discovers that he is the scion of a noble house; it is so long since I read the play that I have forgotten. Comfortable plots like this will always please the simple-hearted. Why? With some of us it is no doubt simply because we like happiness as a spectacle and as a subject for contemplation. More than that, the sight of distress or discomfort is distressing and discomforting. As Mr. Barbary says in St. John Ervine's *Critics*: "I like laughin' an' enjoyin' myself, and I'm not goin' to pay money to be made miserable." Again, we like happy endings because of our disinterested benevolence and our sense of poetic justice. If Octave Feuillet's poor young man is handsome and polite and ambitious and manly, we should resent it if the author withheld good fortune from him. We like to see deserving people get on in the world. We believe that we are deserving ourselves.

A perfect example of the old-fashioned happy ending is that mid-Victorian classic, Robertson's *Caste*. A young aristocrat perversely marries a ballet-girl with a drunken father, to the great distress of his haughty mother. No sooner has he done this than he is called away to war. Word comes of his death. Is anyone deceived? Of course he was not killed. In the third act he returns, a hero, and his mother is so delighted at this restoration and with the beauty of the child that has blessed the marriage in his absence, that she takes Esther to her arms. There remains only the drunken father to be disposed of. He accepts an annuity as a consideration for exiling himself to Jersey, where there is no tax on spirits. An exceptionally happy ending; too happy to be true, although in his own day Robertson passed for a realist.

In *Trelawney of the Wells*, a generation later, Pinero treated the same theme. Rose Trelawney, a suburban actress, gives up the stage, preparatory to marrying a young man from the West End. Less precipitate than George in *Caste*, he has her live for a while with his family, which consists of his grandfather and his great-aunt. Rose does not get on in the West End. Sir William and his sister are too pompous to endure, and they

frown on her and her old friends. She tries to return to the stage, but cannot hold a place, as she has ruined her staginess by her newly acquired West End manners. How bring about a happy ending? First, Arthur, the hero, goes on the stage himself. Second, a member of Rose's old company writes a play of a new type, for which West End manners are required. Third, Sir William cannot be happy without news of Arthur. He hunts up Rose, is reminded of his youthful enthusiasm for the theatre, and actually puts up the money to back the new play. Fourth, he goes to a rehearsal, and there discovers that the leading man is his long-lost grandson. Everybody is happy but the great-aunt.

In more recent English plays, kind hearts are less than coronets, and a *mésalliance* is not the ultimate felicity. In Galsworthy's play *The Eldest Son*, the heir to a baronetcy is not allowed to marry a girl of humble origin, despite his eagerness. His father threatens to disinherit him, the girl refuses, her father refuses. While this is being fought out, the house-party is rehearsing *Caste* for private theatricals. A contrast neatly marked. In *The Cassilis Engagement*, St. John Hankin saw to it that young Cassilis did not marry Ethel Borridge. Mrs. Cassilis, to quote the author's own account of the matter, "realized that the stirrings of young blood and the attractions of a pretty face are not an all-sufficient basis for a union that is to last a lifetime." When her son broke the news of the engagement to her, she promptly invited Ethel—and her mother—to pay the family a week's visit in Leicestershire. Miss Borridge showed up very badly against the new background, and after a week of Mrs. Cassilis's unobtrusive manoeuvring, she lost her temper and broke off the engagement herself. The author pointed out, in his commentary, that the engagement, if carried out, would have ended in the divorce court, and declared that the real happiness of the ending he had provided was too obvious to need demonstration.

Yet for the reasons already advanced the great public wants endings to be happy in the ordinary and popular sense. Many stories and plays with unhappy endings have been made over so as to end happily. Shakespeare, dramatizing Greene's story

Pandosto and making of it *The Winter's Tale*, replaced an unhappy by a happy ending. In the original story the queen who corresponds to Hermione actually dies, and the king, her husband, goes mad and throws himself over a cliff. Shakespeare preserves them both and restores them to each other in the fifth act. The adapter Tate in 1687 provided *King Lear* with a happy ending, including the marriage of Edgar and Cordelia, and this version was the only one played until the nineteenth century. Dickens altered *Great Expectations* so that Pip married Stella. George Meredith altered *Diana of the Crossways* so that Redwood married Diana. Hardy relieved the original sombreness of *The Return of the Native* by conceding that Diggory Venn and Thomasin Wildeva should find peace and happiness together. For publication in an American magazine, Kipling altered the conclusion of *The Light that Failed* so that Dick married Maisie, instead of dying in the Sudan. It must be mentioned that he immediately thereafter restored the original ending.

The British public of the 'eighties was so insistent upon happy endings that the first performance of *A Doll's House* was in an adapted version called *Breaking a Butterfly*, hardly to be equalled for its disregard of the author's intention. When Nora's forgery is discovered, she contemplates suicide, but her noble-minded and chivalrous husband generously takes upon himself the burden of guilt—exactly what in Ibsen he never thought of. He is saved by Mrs. Linde's intervention, and the current of domestic felicity flows on undisturbed. Happy, happy, happy! In Berlin, incidentally, the play was not performed until Ibsen consented to provide a new ending, in which Nora's husband silently led her to the door of the room where the children were sleeping, and she saw that her duty was to stay and not to go.

The neatest example of the play with two endings is Björnson's *Gauntlet*. This is a play of the single standard, to use the popular term. The heroine discovers that the young man who wishes to marry her has not, in his past life, been as free from blame as he expects her to be. At the end of the second act she expresses her disapproval by throwing her glove in his face.

But in the third act she is led gradually to forget what has happened in the past and to accept him, a happy ending, at least in the ordinary sense. After the play had been performed in this version, Björnson altered it. The glove is thrown in the hero's face; that ends the play. What kind of ending is this?

It all depends, as they say, on the point of view. Doubtless some persons in the audience were greatly disappointed that the play ended with no prospect of a wedding, and others went home rejoicing that the theatre had at last become the hand-maid of morality.

As a rule, the drama represents a struggle. If the struggle is portrayed as one between more or less innocent victims and an unjust social order, as in *The Hairy Ape* or *The Lower Depths*, the happy ending is, by the nature of things, excluded. But if the struggle is between individuals, the ending is happy or unhappy according as the side we favor obtains its object or fails. The typical happy ending is that in which the characters with whom we sympathize are successful, such of their opponents as have attractive qualities are converted to acquiescence, and any incurably spiteful persons or utter villains are baffled or condescendingly punished. Such are the endings of *As You Like It*, of *Trelawney of the Wells*, of the great majority of the popular plays of every season. Sometimes, of course, a compromise is necessary, as in Pinero's *Thunderbolt*, in which the next of kin do not get the entire fortune they wish to inherit, nor does Miss Thornhill, who is entitled to it under the will, receive all. Or as in *Mrs. Dane's Defence*, in which Mrs. Dane does not get the nice young man she wishes to capture from Janet, but does get a written retraction and apology from Mrs. Bulsome-Porter, who has circulated in the community the true story of Mrs. Dane's past life. The play ends happily for everybody but Mrs. Bulsome-Porter, and, as she is a spiteful busybody, the audience is not concerned about her happiness. Indeed, the English at times show in their plays the same genius for sensible compromise that they have so often shown in their political arrangements. Is it too much to say that a French play ends logically, an English play sensibly? And is it not true that on

the American stage the great majority of plays that do not end happily are importations?

In other words, the happy ending, worldwide as is its popularity, finds in America an especially congenial home. This is in part to be explained by our traditional optimism, the time-honored conception of the United States as the land of unbounded opportunity, in which industry, uprightness, intelligence, and ambition have the best prospect of winning recognition and reward. Discontent, protest, pessimism are recent or alien. The happy ending still seems the appropriate one for the play dealing with American life.

The old-time ending of the fairy tale, "And they lived happily ever afterward," outdoes all happy endings in the theatre, because the drama, by its nature, cannot tell us what happened after the final curtain. To this extent, every happy ending on the stage leaves something to be desired. If we only knew, the play may not, in the long run, have turned out as happily as it promised. Again, the so-called unhappy ending is often far from the worst that might happen. The real unhappy ending for *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* would have been to have Paula and her husband go on living together. This would have furnished inexhaustible unhappiness for both of them, as well as for the daughter and her husband.

Indeed, the only unhappy ending that the public welcomes is the death of the hero or the heroine—or of both. *Troilus and Cressida*, in which the lovers are parted by the heroine's perfidy, was apparently unacted even in Shakespeare's own time, but *Romeo and Juliet* and *Hamlet* were popular successes then as they are still. *Cyrano de Bergerac* has lately had a year on Broadway. It is notable that with the rarest exceptions the only unhappy ending known until recent times was the tragic ending. And since the days of Aristotle it has been held by the judicious that tragedy is superior to comedy. Shelley could not endure to sit through a comedy; he found the ridiculing of human imperfection heartless and cruel; but he said of tragedy: "The pleasure that is in sorrow is sweeter than the pleasure of pleasure itself." The heroes of true tragedy manifest noble passions and struggle nobly, if in vain; after life's fitful fever, they

sleep well; nothing can touch them further. It is because of our consciousness of their security and their final peace that the tragic ending brings us a feeling of relief from anxiety, of serenity, of awed pleasure. The tragic ending is a thing apart, unhappy in outward seeming, but in its essence happy.

The truth of the whole matter is that for any play the best ending is the true ending—the one which grows naturally from the characters and the situation. If these demand an unhappy ending, that is the only good ending for the play. If they justify a happy ending, the audience will be disappointed if the play ends otherwise. If all endings were happy, the drama would be untrue to life. But it is to be expected that plays which end happily will always be the most numerous, for the love of the happy ending is innate in humanity.

WILLIAM STRUNK, JR.

Cornell University.

ACCEPTANCE

So . . . You have won. I yield without conditions,
Yield without bitterness or wild regret.

I've done with hope's allures and false fruitions,
For love—it went; and truth—it beckons yet.

Prone are the wings which ever were escaping,
Tattered and dim the banners of revolt:

I, whom you shaped the while I thought me shaping,
I, whom you snared ere I had shot my bolt—
I yield me and resist no more forever.

O Life, O Life!—defeated, worn and old,
What is this sense more potent than endeavor?
What is this Wonder that my arms enfold?
In this stark moment, e'en as I resign
You, Life, O can it be that you are mine?

MARGARETTA BYRDE.

London, England.

MYCENAE

Let not the modest reader who makes no pretence of classical learning turn aside from this article because of its title. We, too, are unlearned in Greek archæology, and are writing far from books, without even Baedeker to supply us with dates and other facts beyond the range of our own personal experience. We propose to set down in the simplest manner possible some things we saw and heard, not things read about.

Ignorance of a certain kind has the advantage that it leaves the eye and ear free to receive direct impressions. This was our case in respect to Greece as a whole, for we went there somewhat unexpectedly; and it was particularly true of a little trip to Mycenæ, for which we were even less prepared. The reader who is equally unprovided with book knowledge may, therefore, without fear of being deceived, imagine himself a third in our company, on the 14th of March, 1924.

Greece has been so impoverished by war that her railroads are in bad condition, and coal is scarce; so that there are few trains and these very slow. To get to Mycenæ we had to leave Athens in the darkness before dawn and spend five-and-a-half hours in travelling about eighty miles. Quite pleasant, however, was this dawdling along through country magnificent in outline and winsome in detail. We had our choice at every point between views of snow-clad mountains and blue seas, on the one hand, and little pastoral scenes, on the other; between the grandeur of famous peaks and bays and the prettiness of spring flowers and shepherdesses and young lambs and children, which the slowness of our motion permitted us to enjoy as if we were on foot. The landscape became wilder, the little farms more widely scattered, the vegetation less luxuriant, as the train puffed painfully up from Corinth into a rude mountainous district, following a torrent towards its source. We were wondering if it were not unlikely that a city so celebrated as Mycenæ could be situated, even in a ruinous condition, upon a line so rustic and so remote from the traffic of the world. Considering the matter from another point of view and knowing Mycenæ had been dead for

many centuries, it appeared preposterous that we should find that renowned name painted on the gable of a prim modern railway station. But we did so find it, precisely at noon. We had been assured at Athens and at Corinth, and by so many people that the statement had assumed remarkable importance in our minds, that the station-master at Mycenae was a great linguist. He was the only adult in sight, a kind-looking, elderly person, with all the marks of a railroad man upon him, and it is true that he spoke French. When we looked for our suit-cases, which we intended to put in his charge, we saw three little girls tugging at them in pure hospitality and eagerness to be useful. Our reproof to them for trying to lift the heavy bags was met with bashful smiles; the bones of contention were locked up in the waiting-room, and we turned to the linguist for directions.

"Your train back to Corinth leaves at four o'clock," he said; "the village of Mycenae lies yonder, a mile from here; the ruins are just beyond it; there is a guardian there, who will let you in and explain things." And off we trudged, towards the village, whose white-walled and brown-roofed houses, surrounded by olive trees, were visible against the flank of a bare gray mountain. From the station to the village ran an unfenced lane between pastures bright with grass and flowers. After the tumult of Athens, which, like other Mediterranean cities, is full of strident clangor, we were grateful for the quiet of the fields and soon began to notice with pleasure the little noises of the country, the bleating of a distant lamb, the patter of a goat's feet as it crossed our path, the spring song of birds. The little girls and an older sister of one of them, each clasping the daily newspaper which she had come to the station to fetch home, walked in silence beside and behind us, smiling responsive to our smiles, and all engaged in studying our foreign costume. Their faces were very beautiful, the outlines pure and soft, the eyes gentle, the cheeks fresh. We wished to talk with them, but could not. We wished to show the affection which had blossomed in our hearts by giving them some little picture or trinket or toy, but had nothing of the sort with us. We felt that it would be wrong to offer them money. They might reject it, or, in the less im-

probable event of their accepting it, we should be guilty of a piece of corruption which the sight of so many children begging in Algiers and Palermo had made abhorrent. We passed a shepherdess engaged in the task, much more difficult than one would suppose it could be, of keeping three sheep and two goats from straying into a patch of young wheat.

Then, at the entrance to the village, our little friends, after gracefully bowing to us, turned aside, and we saw a young man digging in a garden. We hailed him in that mixture of English, French, Italian, and modern Greek which in our helplessness came to our lips whenever we opened them to address a stranger; and he shouted back in perfect English that he would join us in a moment. "I am the official guide," he said, when he came out upon the road. "I keep the key to the enclosure where the ruins are. Wait for me at the inn, the house with red walls up the road there, and I will put on my coat and bring the key." Approaching the red-walled building, we caught sight of the name painted upon it in large letters, *La Belle Hélène de Menelaos*. The young men from Princeton University who were staying at the American School of Classical Studies in Athens had told us of this modest hostelry with so beautiful a name, and of its clean rooms, and honest people. We entered it with a sense of being among friends and should have been so, we feel sure, had we remained long enough to become acquainted with the kindly, intelligent, and extremely handsome family, apparently a mother and her son and daughter, who gave us welcome to a vast room that occupied almost the whole of the lower story. It was about sixty feet long by twenty-five wide. The floor at one end was raised as if to accommodate beds and be curtained off, and the rest of the capacious apartment served as hall, dining-room and café. We were fascinated and immediately began to speculate about spending a week there. But we knew, or thought at least, that we should rather push on to Patras, in order to see Olympia and catch a steamer for Brindisi. Many a time have we regretted this unnecessary haste. Travellers in unknown lands should hold themselves free to change their plans for a whim or a passion. All the great and fine things have not been discovered. The foot-free, who have the good sense to go

without trunks, are almost sure to make lucky finds in a country like Greece. Perhaps, had we stayed a week in that simple guest-house, we might have been awakened in the moonlit night by the gleam of the whitest feet and the glow of the loveliest face that ever were seen in Greece,—

... the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium,

the feet that kings followed to undying deaths; and la belle Héléne de Melenaios might have stolen past the walls that bear her immortal name, seeking the palace that is no more and refuge there with her husband's brother, could he forget her sin and his own woeful doom. We were foolish not to stay.

When our handsome guide appeared we went with him up the road. It ascended sharply towards the summit of a conical peak which stood detached from the range of mountains behind it. They all rose stark and without foothills from the level floor of the valley, and had an exceedingly bleak and grim aspect, being almost denuded of trees and verdure. The peak commands not only the plain, but a pass in the background, and gives a clear view of the sea and the port of Nauplia in the distance. This was indeed a place well chosen for observation and defence in the time of tribal warfare, four thousand years ago.

"Just what was Mycenae of old?" we asked our guide.

"It was a walled city," he answered, "built on the upper slopes of this peak. The oldest part, the citadel and the palace of the kings or chiefs, crowned the very summit, but we find traces of many buildings quite far down the sides. And especially tombs have been found here by Mr. Wace, who has been excavating for three seasons now. When he drives an iron rod into the ground and it is not stopped by rocks, he digs and sometimes comes to a vein of soft earth which has filled the long passage to a beehive-shaped tomb, all buried in the side of the mountain. Here we are now, at the best of them, the tomb of Agamemnon."

A long slit, about twenty feet wide, in the hillside, led to a doorway about eight feet wide and eighteen feet high, with

massive jambs of stone crossed by an immense single block as a lintel. Beyond was a cavern shaped like one of those old-fashioned straw beehives that are occasionally seen still, in America as in Europe. It looked fifty feet from floor to apex and at least as large in diameter at the bottom. For how many centuries this vast sepulchre had lain covered from the sight of man, we shall not pretend to say. "The Turks pastured sheep above it," remarked our guide, "and never suspected what riches lay beneath." Riches indeed! for we had seen, in the National Museum at Athens, many gold cups and bracelets and other ornaments, and heaps of gold-leaf, all as bright as if smeltered and hammered this very year, and all brought from the tomb of Agamemnon, King of Men. There, too, is deposited an oblong mass of earth and bones—his bones, unless the archæologists greatly err—which were found here. And who was he, and when did he live? Let Homer answer our first question, remembering that to the blind poet who lived perhaps twelve hundred years before our era, the Trojan war and its heroes were already mythical, half lost in dim antiquity. And let our guide be responsible for the more definite statement that the body of Agamemnon was laid with regal pomp in this dark chamber in the sixteenth or seventeenth century before Christ, more than a millennium therefore before the Parthenon rose like a stately grove upon the Acropolis of Athens. We dare not repeat with assurance the figures he mentioned, but certain it is that modern engineering skill would be severely taxed to lift and lay in place that enormous lintel and to concentrate the courses of stone, each overlapping the one below it till the circular walls converge to a point.

We tried to estimate the age of Mycenae by measurements more significant than mere figures, which after a certain point cease to impress. The result was overwhelming: relics of human handiwork, a city, a fortress, a palace, a civilization that lay as far in time behind St. Paul when he spoke on Mars's Hill and visited Corinth as he lies now behind us. We tried to think back by slow stages, through the discovery of America, the Norman Conquest, the fall of Rome, the birth of Christ, the death of Socrates,—and then to the abandonment of Mycenae, and still further, by how many centuries no one knows, to its first

settlement. It was evidently a highly organized society that occupied this mountain summit, not a tribe of nomads, who come at nightfall and depart at dawn, leaving no trace. Traces! the peak was covered and honeycombed with them, traces so deep, so ponderous, that they will remain there, in spite of earthquakes and erosion, when mayhap every building now standing in New York and Chicago will have crumbled into indistinguishable dust.

After these oppressive thoughts the present seemed unreal and trivial; and it was with an effort that we remembered the living man at our side and paid attention to his words. "I have a son named Agamemnon," said he, as we emerged into daylight. "His elder brother is Demetrios, and their little sister is Ekaterina."

"And your name, what is it?"

"Aristoteles," he replied, evidently prepared to see our joy in these revivals or survivals of old fame. His English was not only fairly correct and fluent, but spoken with a certain elegance of choice and enunciation. He had learned it from educated Englishmen with whom he had served for three-and-a-half years in the British army at Saloniki, and from Professor Wace, whom he continually quoted and for whom he cherished deep and affectionate respect.

From the memory of pictures we recognized the Lion Gate, through which Aristoteles conducted us, and as we passed the guard of those great stone beasts, much worn by their long vigil, we thought of the captives they had glared upon. Their faces are much worn away, like St. Peter's bronze toe at Rome, with caresses softer than the kisses of superstitious peasants; wind and rain have blunted their outlines and softened the terror of their gaze. The city gates have been borne off by stronger hands than Samson's, though the sockets of the bolts and the watchmen's room in the wall and the mark of feet and wheels in the pavement are still visible.

The great drawback in Greece is the dryness of the climate, which causes a dreadful scarcity of water. We were pleased, therefore, to find a spring gushing from the rocks beside our path as we ascended from the tomb to the citadel. Upon these

living waters the existence of Mycenae must have depended in times of war and siege. There was another spring still higher, to which an underground passage led from the inner parts of the fortress. Of this upper town much remains,—an immense curtain of masonry composed of polygonal blocks fitted together cunningly without mortar, floors of rooms; sockets of doors and bases of pillars; and a cistern of vast dimensions so well cemented that it still holds water. By the time we had reached the summit, which Aristoteles declared was the site of the royal palace, we were hundreds of feet above the plain, and the advantage of the situation from a military point of view was very apparent. Professional guides are so likely to be contradicted and corrected by experts to whom they unsuspectingly attempt to impart knowledge, that most of them come at last to speak with caution. Moreover, Aristoteles was naturally a gentleman and uncommonly intelligent. So we shall be the last persons in the world to cast doubt upon the accuracy of his dramatic account of the crime that stained the palace floor and doomed the line of Pelops, and called the earthquake to lay low these pillared halls and make a desert of that city.

"Here was the King's bedchamber," he said. "Look what a view he had over his towers and his town and his realm. Here, adjoining, was his bathroom. You can see the runlets for the water and the sockets of the door-frame. Next to it was the bathroom of Klytæmnestra the Queen. There, hidden beside her, Egistheus stood, grasping his battle-axe. And as Agamemnon, suspecting no evil, stepped forth refreshed from his bath, draped in a sheet to protect his wet body from the wind that still howls about this mountain, the murderer smote him from behind, splitting his skull. It was long ago, and it was avenged; but none would care to sleep here, even under the sun at noon. They say that la belle Héléne de Menelaos comes wailing here at night, begging forgiveness for her sin and for the woeful dooms spattered like blood-drops here and at Sparta and Ithaka and in many an isle and many a harbor all the way from ruined Troy."

We mused over these things while descending the mountain and did not quite throw aside a sense of "old unhappy far-off

things" until we sat drinking a parting cup of black coffee with Aristoteles at the inn where, alas, we did not spend a week nor yet a single hour, but hastened on to catch the four o'clock train for the fortieth century (Mycenean time).

GEORGE MCLEAN HARPER,
BELLE WESTCOTT HARPER.

Princeton University.

WANDERER

What hints of China in his eyes,
What souvenirs of Greece are there
That tingle on his finger-tips
In a cold memory of marble?

Wanderer, wanderer, this is home!

Touched with some traveller's spell, he has
Forgotten this first haunt of his
And found in it no final goal
But just a place for visiting.

Wanderer, wanderer, this is home!

Ah, as he stops to rest him here,
Some power passes from him to us—
How like a foreign land this seems
That has been most familiar!

Wanderer, wanderer, where is home?

LAURA RIDING GOTTSCHALK.

Louisville, Kentucky.

ANATOLE FRANCE: AN APPRECIATION

The recent death of Anatole France at the ripe age of eighty was the cause of widespread mourning. It was not that men felt that the world of letters had suffered an irreparable loss, for the venerable writer can scarcely be thought to have had many more uncreated volumes in his brain, and his created achievement more than assures immortality. It was the man and the thinker whose passing left a void in the hearts of most readers. Not all, to be sure; and those who did not keenly regret his death may be imagined to have heaved a sigh of relief upon the receipt of the news. For there can hardly be any middle ground where Anatole France is concerned; one feels for him the warmest affection or one hates him cordially. By the great masses of liberal, broad-minded men—regardless of their faith or their lack of faith—Anatole France was revered as the mouthpiece of international harmony, of fraternity, of the joy of living; to rigorous conservatives, on the other hand, he was anathema, so much so that his entire work was placed by the present pope upon the *Index Expurgatorius*. His merits and his weaknesses may all be summed up in the epithet of his brother-critic, Jules Lemaitre, who called him (in *Les Contemporains*, sixth series, p. 275) "l'extrême fleur du génie latin." Upon one's admiration or scorn for the 'Latin genius' will hinge one's reaction to Anatole France.

Jacques-Anatole Thibault (for this was Anatole France's real name) led the retired life of the scholar-bibliophile-writer. He was born in Paris on April 16, 1844, in an apartment above the book-shop conducted by his father on the Quay Malaquais. The elder Thibault, a royalist by conviction, had acquired a modest fortune in his trade and was an ardent lover of books and rare prints, as well as something of a scholar. Madame Thibault, a woman of piety and great tenderness, had in her a mystic strain and a romantic imagination which were powerful elements in the cultivation of the mind of the young Jacques-Anatole. As the book-store of Thibault was frequented by lovers of literature and art, Anatole's youth was spent in surroundings that left an

indelible impression upon him. This is amply proved by his quadrilogy of charming autobiographical works, *Le Livre de mon ami* (1885), *Pierre Nozière* (1899), *Le Petit Pierre* (1918), and *La Vie en fleurs* (1922). It would have been surprising, indeed, had Anatole France become anything other than a bibliophile, a *savant*, and a writer, especially as, being an only son and left well provided by his father, he did not have to depend upon his writings or upon his scholarly researches for a living.

The young Anatole received his early education at a private school conducted by the Jesuits and at the Collège Stanislas, at which Edmond Rostand was later to become a student. At a comparatively early age, his interest in the humanities was aroused, and he was soon filled with devotion for the literatures of classical antiquity. As a student, he does not seem to have impressed his teachers as brilliant, and, so the story goes, he was once criticized by his professor of French for "lack of taste" in his themes. But he early showed scholarly inclinations, as is seen in his first published work, a study of Alfred de Vigny written in 1868, and in essays meant to serve as introductions to new editions of the classics. Born and bred in the very heart of Paris, he grew up with an all-consuming love for his native city, of which, as he himself tells us, he "knew every pavement and adored every stone." He knew, too, all the haunts of the young intellectuals and artists in the Latin Quarter, and so it was natural that, upon the formation of the Parnassian group in 1866, for the head of which, Leconte de Lisle, he felt a deep veneration, he should immediately become one of its members. As a matter of fact, his first creative work was the result of his Parnassian training. Like Daudet and Maupassant, he made his real literary début with a volume of verse, *Les Poèmes dorés* (1873), which was followed three years later by a verse-tragedy, *Les Noces corinthiennes*, both impregnated with that love for Greek antiquity that was to remain with him throughout life, and both stamped with the artistic workmanship and finish characteristic of the poetry of Leconte de Lisle, Sully-Prudhomme, Banville, and Coppée. As in the case of both Daudet and Maupassant, however, Anatole France soon realized that verse was not to be his medium of expression, and turned to prose.

After serving for a time as reader in the publishing house of Lemerre (the publisher of the Parnassians), Anatole France became assistant librarian at the Senate, under Leconte de Lisle, where he was able to give free rein to his scholarly inclinations. Studies of Racine, Molière, and other outstanding figures in French letters appeared; one of these, a biographical study of *Lucile de Chateaubriand* (1894) is perhaps his finest contribution in this field.

Anatole France's fame really dates from the appearance in 1881 of *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, which was crowned by the French Academy and was hailed as a work of genius. The renown brought him by this work, as well as by *Le Livre de mon ami* (1885), earned for Anatole France the appointment of literary critic for the *Temps* as successor to Jules Claretie. For four years, from 1888 to 1892, he wrote a weekly *feuilleton* under the caption of *La Vie littéraire*, in which he reviewed the works of the younger writers of the day, and demonstrated critical powers that at once gained him recognition as the foremost critic of the day. These weekly *feuilletons* were collected, at the end of each year, and published in book form, so that not the least important of Anatole France's work is his *La Vie littéraire* (four volumes, 1888-1892.)

The death in 1892 of Ernest Renan, to whom Anatole France was indebted for many of the elements of both his philosophy and his literary style, left the latter the undisputed leader of contemporary French thought and culture. *Thaïs* (1889), *L'Etui de nacre* (1892), *La Rôtisserie de la reine Pédauque* (1893), and *Le Jardin d'Epicure* (1894), had established his reputation as the greatest living French stylist, and so, in 1896, he was elected to the French Academy, to succeed the celebrated diplomat and engineer, Ferdinand de Lesseps.

Anatole France's success as literary critic for the *Temps* encouraged him to continue his journalistic labors; and in 1897 appeared the first of the chapters of *L'Orme du mail*, which, with the remaining three volumes of *L'Histoire contemporaine*, concluded in 1901, proved a searching indictment of contemporary French life. His metamorphosis from a critic of letters into a critic of life had been brought about largely by the Dreyfus

affair, which made of Anatole France, as it made of Zola, the champion of the oppressed and the unflagging advocate of tolerance and brotherly love. Since 1901, Anatole France has published numerous volumes of stories (*Crainquebille*, 1904), novels, (*Les Dieux ont soif*, 1912), and propagandist pamphlets advocating a moderate form of socialism, internationalism, pacificism and anti-clericalism, as opposed to the narrow chauvinism and heartless capitalism of the last decade of the nineteenth century. His life during the past twenty years was peaceful and retired, the tremendous sale of his books having made of him a man of affluence; only four years ago, at the advanced age of seventy-six, he married; his wife seems to have proved a faithful attendant in his last illness.

In considering the many aspects of this versatile genius, we are brought face to face with Anatole France the thinker; for, in whatever he did and whatever he wrote, he displayed extraordinary intelligence and insatiable intellectual curiosity. That he was a bookworm all his life goes without saying; his erudition was stupendous and it would seem that nothing in the realm of letters was foreign to him. The son of a royalist father and a devout Catholic mother, Anatole France early arrived at the conclusion, from his studies and his readings, that we can speak of nothing, as regards life or death, with anything like certainty. Religion, science, art, philosophy—all are full of contradictions and none can be taken as a reliable guide. The result of all this was to make of Anatole France an out-and-out Pyrrhonist, an avowed sceptic, for whom individual standards are the only standards. But this scepticism is far removed from the cynicism of a Schopenhauer or a Nietzsche. For Anatole France was one of the most genial of men: in almost every word that he wrote we can see the smile on his lips and the twinkle in his eye. Thus, iconoclast and infidel as he was, he could write on religious subjects with the reverence of a Church historiographer; he could prove, in successive essays of *Le Jardin d'Epicure*, the existence and the non-existence of angels. Indeed, he, if anyone, demonstrates the truth of the statement that the greatest sceptic is the greatest believer; for to doubt everything, is, at the same time, to believe the possibility of any-

thing. His titillating sense of humor and the gentleness of his irony prevented his actually becoming blasphemous, and makes it possible for him to be read with delight even by persons who do not in the slightest share his sceptical philosophy. This is truly the mark of genius.

Whatever may have been his philosophy of life, Anatole France was always the stylist. In everything he has written—poetry, fiction, criticism of life and letters, propagandist pamphlets—he himself is always present. So true is this that it may well be said that all his writings are autobiographical. This projection of his own deliciously mocking personality, of his thoroughly Gallic outlook upon life, into his work, enables him to treat of the most serious of subjects—love, religion, death—with a levity that is, more often than not, shocking to the austere Anglo-Saxon mentality. But into his personality there enter elements of sheer imagination and of playful fancy that serve as antidotes to the poison of this frivolous scepticism. And the lucid intelligence of Anatole France expresses itself in a corresponding lucidity of style that ranks him with the master French stylists from Rabelais and Montaigne, through Montesquieu and Voltaire, down to Flaubert and Renan. Employing a comparatively limited vocabulary, with a keen feeling for the *mot juste*, he has a flair for the shades and connotations of words, a sense of the rhythm and harmony of phrasing, and an almost Biblical simplicity of expression, that have no equal in present-day French literature. It is not surprising that this master in the use of what he himself calls the "*beau français*" should have had little use for the numerous symbolistic groups, with their veiled sacerdotal suggestiveness and their self-imposed vagueness. Clarity, precision, harmony of sound and form—these are the pre-eminent qualities of the French literary genius, and these, in the very highest degree, are possessed by that true classicist, Anatole France.

When we consider the main currents of Anatole France's literary work—criticism and fiction—we see that he is always himself and rarely makes the effort to escape from himself. In his critical essays, he repeats time and time again that it is impossible for the critic to project himself into the mind and

body of another, and that his judgments must, therefore, be purely subjective. This theory of criticism—'impressionistic' as opposed to 'objective' criticism based upon fixed standards such as was espoused by Sainte-Beuve, Brunetière, Faguet, and their followers—was practised also by Jules Lemaitre; in the hands of these two men, criticism was a stiletto rather than a sledge-hammer, and they killed with the pin-pricks of humor and the shafts of irony rather than by the heavy pedantry of the application of rules and of comparisons with antiquity.

As it was with Anatole France's criticisms, so was it with his novels. Since he was unable ever to emerge from his own skin, his novels are thoroughly subjective and his characters are merely projections of himself. His greatest characterizations—Sylvestre Bonnard, the abbé Jérôme Coignard, M. Bergeret of the *Histoire contemporaine*, Maurice Brotteaux—are inimitable self-portraits. As a result of this subjectivity and because his scepticism destroyed in him the appreciation of the value of ordered and extended effort, Anatole France's novels are almost completely deficient in structure. In other authors, this would be a fatal defect; in him, it merely heightens the charm of the finished product. His novels are like himself—smilingly ironical, self-willed, full of sensitiveness to the music of words, and, above all, altars of tolerance. As open an enemy as Voltaire of "*l'infâme*"—hypocrisy, superstition, and bigotry in all its forms—Anatole France, refusing to use Voltaire's bludgeon-like irony, castigates with a smile and kills with a breath.

It has become evident by now that the dominant element in all of Anatole France's work is Anatole France the man. Perhaps nowhere in our time can we find one to match him for sheer amiability, for utter open-mindedness, for unabated tolerance. Wherever there was suffering, Anatole France's voice was always heard in protest. A thorough Frenchman by descent and by training, he was able to rise above the level of a narrow patriotism when the best interests of mankind were at stake. But if he was a firm believer in the happiness of all rather than in the satiety of the few and the servility of the many, he had a wholesale horror of violence that prevented his going to the extremes of the Communists and kept his feet in the path of the

golden mean. Perhaps his point of view many best be illustrated by the following quotation from his *Human Tragedy*, the hero of which, the gentle Franciscan friar, Fra Giovanni, is, as one might expect, Anatole France himself. Says Fra Giovanni:—

There is no hallowed law save in love. There is no Justice save in Charity. 'Tis not by force we should resist force, for strife only hardens the fighters' hearts and the issue of battles is aye dubious. But if we oppose gentleness to violence, this latter getting no hold upon its adversary, falls dead of itself. . . . Be ye gentle-hearted, therefore, and simple-souled; keep your heart pure, and ye shall fear nothing. Put not your trust in the sword. . . . But be ye strong in love, and love them that hate you. Hate, when unreturned, is robbed of half its sting; and what is left is weak, and like to die. . . . I said to some: "Be not oppressors," and to others: "Rise not in revolt against oppression"—and neither hearkened to me. They cast the stone of derision at me. Because I was on all men's side, each reproached me and said: "You are not on my side." I said: "I am the friend of the wretched." But you never thought I was your friend, because in your pride, you know not that you are wretched. Nevertheless, the wretchedness of the master is more cruel than that of the slave. . . . I am on the side of love and not of hate. This is why you scorn me; and because I preach peace on earth, you hold me for a fool.

Those who are acquainted with the work of Anatole France will not be surprised to find in this brief passage reminiscences of the Bible and of the utterances of Mahatma Gandhi; for, seemingly frivolous and cynical in much that he wrote, he was at heart an ardent lover of mankind, for whose four-score years of thinking and writing civilization is infinitely the richer.

AARON SCHAFFER.

The University of Texas.

ARNOLD BENNETT, SHOWMAN

If Mr. Arnold Bennett has a sense of humor—and I believe he has—he must laugh in exasperated amusement at his reviewers and critics—and I believe he does. For, as far as these gentlemen are concerned, his place in fiction has long been settled, his orbit predetermined. However rebellious he may be, he cannot budge prevalent opinion about his work. The reviews fit the preconceptions of the reviewers, no matter how grotesquely they caricature the books reviewed. For novel after novel the same old judgments are dusted off and set up: the trivial, the dull, the commonplace,—these are his materials; the stupid, the petty, the commonplace,—these are his characters; the ordinary, the humdrum, the commonplace,—these are his incidents. The veriest commonplace of the commonplace,—this is the final impression said to be left by his work. Were he to have his characters turn handsprings in Regent Street and dance a coranto down Piccadilly, the critics would yawn and murmur: "How ordinary!"

Riceyman Steps is the latest object of this hallucinatory process. The life it presents is asserted to be 'soggy'; the incidents fail to rise above 'everyday levels'; the people are 'unordinarily ordinary'; 'one may expect in the beginning that the middle-aged bookseller hero is going to be picturesque or quaint, but nothing is further from the truth'. The volume is stuffed with the petty, the trivial, the mean. Of course, in some miraculous fashion the author rubs these leaden surfaces of life until they shine with interestingness; but it is a mysterious business.

Let us have a peep at the mystery. Imagine that Charles Dickens in a moment of excitement had conceived of some brother to old Scrooge, so magnificently miserly that, desiring to marry a widow, he sold her first marriage-ring and with the proceeds bought the second, scrupulously returning the change. "'I suppose that six and sixpence is by right yours. Here it is. . . . Right's right!'" Imagine that the ebullient Victorian, developing his idea with his usual gusto, had thought of the happy couple as celebrating a spendthrift honeymoon by visiting the chamber of horrors at Madame Tussaud's, coming

home by tram-car to a dazed enjoyment of the wedding-gifts each had prepared for the other: a vacuum cleaning of the house as the bride's offering to her new husband, a second-hand iron safe as his offering to her. Let the happy couple be provided with a servant-girl as unselfish as little Nell and as industrious as Ruth Pinch, and let her rejoice in the name of Mrs. Elsie Sprickett. Conceive that her mystic, poetic passion for an absent lover expresses itself by vigorous and superfluous cleaning of the shop windows—which is only a little less odd than the wooing of Mrs. Nickleby through tossing vegetables over the garden-wall. Suppose the novelist to follow the lives of these characters through a swift, miserly year until Mrs. Earlforward dies after a surgical operation because of twelve months of under-nourishment, until the enfeebled, diseased husband and widower is killed by the shock of discovering a shortage of sixpence in his strong-box, and until Mrs. Sprickett is left to marry a half-mad, shell-shocked victim of the war. A connoisseur of the fantastic and melodramatic would take pride in having composed *Riceyman Steps*.

Nor is this latest novel exceptional in its departures from the usual. The author has, of course, written avowed fantasies, but this is not one of them. It is heralded, rather, as a return to the manner of *The Old Wives' Tale*. It may be worth while to consider for a few moments that epic of the commonplace. Readers of a decade's standing will easily recall the unanimity with which that substantial record of middle-class life was regarded as the very essence of the ordinary. It is "not the poetry of the commonplace," exclaimed one reader, "not the romance of the commonplace, but the veriest commonplace of the commonplace." Apparently everyone acquiesced. Yet those who will stop to consider coolly the main incidents of the novel may be led to a different conclusion. One may remember, for example, what occurred when young Sophia Baines, charged with watching at the bedside of her paralytic father, left him to chat with an attractive travelling salesman. Neglected for an amorous interlude, Mr. Baines died.

She saw that the upper part of his body had slipped down, and his head was hanging, inverted, near the floor between the bed and the ottoman. His face, neck, and hands were

dark and congested; his mouth was open, and the tongue protruded between the black, swollen mucous lips; his eyes were prominent and coldly staring. The fact was that Mr. Baines had wakened up, and, being restless, had slid out partially from his bed and died of asphyxia.

"Well, you've killed yer father, that's all," remarked Mr. Critchlow, "with devilish ferocity," when he took in the situation. It is hardly necessary to argue the point that this is the very stuff of sensationalism; yet it was dismissed as an everyday occurrence.

Other sensational incidents need be merely mentioned: the elopement of Sophia; the marriage of her sister to the industrious apprentice; the murder of Mrs. Daniel Povey and the hanging of Daniel; the transfer of the action to France; the pyrotechnics of a provincial execution before a roaring mob; the flight of the travelling salesman; Sophia's illness in the tawdry apartments of courtesans; her recovery only to be confronted by the Franco-Prussian war and the siege of Paris; the passing of the years; the reunion of the sisters; the death of Sophia just after she had buried her long-lost and accidentally discovered husband; and the death of Constance.

Now it is not to be denied that elopements, murders, desertions, battles, sieges, accidental meetings, and sudden deaths actually occur. But they are intensified experience. They hum with unpredictable possibilities. True, they are so frequent the world over as daily to furnish excitement for millions of newspaper readers. But to the individual they are not everyday events. They are unusual, startling. Death comes to all; but it is not commonplace.

If *The Old Wives' Tale* be compared with *Riceman Steps*, a difference is perceptible. The striking characteristics of the one are melodramatic; of the other, a commingling of the melodramatic and the fantastic. Yet both exhibit the author's joy in the spectacular. It would be easy to point out similar elements in the other serious novels of Mr. Bennett. When one reckons up the extent to which the scarlet flood of bigamy, seduction, speculation, scandal, suicide, and disease flows over the pages of these works, one is amazed at the color-blindness

of readers who can still exclaim at the uniform drabness of it all. To be sure, it would be equally erroneous to insist upon its uniform sensationalism. There is a deal of the ordinary in these transcripts from dull lives. But the departures from dullness are so frequent and so marked as to set the pages fluttering with their commotion. Even the less obviously exciting is often managed so skilfully as to reveal unique and startling features, so that a Sunday-school procession has something of the rush and feverishness of a fanatical army, and the account of its march discloses a tingling zest for the critical moments of existence.

But it is not only the fantastic and sensational elements in these novels that display an astonishing similarity to the sort of thing done by Dickens or Reade; a second resemblance is clearly discernible and yet likewise has been strangely overlooked: their humanitarianism. This is less obvious in Mr. Bennett than in the Victorians, more restrained in expression, less indignant and more ironical; it is, however, undeniably and repeatedly present. The creator of Elsie Sprickett is not lacking in that sensibility to suffering and injustice that was so marked in his excitement-loving predecessors. Elsie, indeed, although never mawkishly presented, is so exaggeratedly passive an example of those who have fallen victims to economic and social injustice as to seem almost incredible. Dumbly patient and loyal, spending herself freely in her work, unprotesting at privation and disappointment, cheated in her wages and half starved, she nevertheless exhibits an unreasoning capacity for living that might make the cynic recall Swift's saying that happiness is the state of being a fool in a world of knaves, and the idealist the assertion of Fielding that the only certain reward of virtue is an inward peace of mind. But the fact remains that the conditions of Elsie's existence constitute an indictment of society.

Then there is the 'man', Darius Clayhanger, apprenticed to a potteries worker when he was seven years old, drudging from five in the morning to eight at night, reaching his home at a quarter to nine and somehow lapsing into a child again.

His mother took him on her knee, and wrapped her sacking apron round his ragged clothes, and cried over him,

and cried into his supper of porridge, and undressed him and put him to bed. But he could not sleep easily because he was afraid of being late the next morning.

That was the sort of thing that could exist in the good old days, when "the employees were on piece-work and entirely unhampered by grandmotherly legislation." The servant in *The Old Wives' Tale*, confined to the gloom of the unspeakable 'cave', the increasing dreariness and monotony in mechanical industry emphasized in certain pages of *These Twain*, the meagreness of humble lives portrayed in all of the serious novels with upwelling sympathy, are indications of an altruism with which Mr. Bennett is not frequently credited.

It may reasonably be urged, then, that the vein of the fantastic in his work, his ingrained sensationalism, and his somewhat concealed but indubitable humanitarianism, are distinct lines of affiliation with the great Victorians whom he has sometimes patronized. Of course, things must not be pushed too far, or our rather Puckish Edwardian will be menaced with a transformation into a steel-cut contemporary of Kingsley and Huxley, thin-lipped, square-jawed, and heavily moral. Whereas he is not a starched hero. On the other hand, his distinctive quality cannot be appreciated unless his kinship with his predecessors be understood.

Earlier I ventured to compare the miser in *Riceman Steps* to Dickens's Scrooge. In this very comparison the difference between the two writers is manifest. Despite their author's enthusiastic plunges into the spectacular, *Clayhanger* and its fellows lack the heady flavor of romance. Dickens's fantasies and melodramatic crises alike shape themselves to the heart's desire. They unfold—to stoop to the jargon of psychology—into wish-fulfilments. In the words of Stevenson, they "satisfy the nameless longings of the reader," they "obey the ideal laws of the day-dream." But Mr. Bennett's inventions less resemble day-dreams than nightmares. They evolve disagreeably. Life leads to no glowing climax, death is unedifying. When Jonas Chuzzlewit murders his partner, Heaven and the British Empire combine to make his end a terror to evil-doers and a satisfaction to the law-abiding. When Daniel Povey murders his wife, he is sordidly

hanged without satisfying any moral sense. Scrooge the miser is transfigured into Scrooge the philanthropist. Earlforward the miser perishes in obscene and uncontrite wretchedness. The luxury of supervising these puppets like a god, and watching their author dole out to them rewards and punishments to fit their deeds, is denied to the student of these modern veracious histories. It is small wonder, after all, that the scarlet of their pages is thrown into shadow by the drabness of the reader's feelings,—that warmth is lacking to these bleak areas of experience. Yet it is folly to deny the very existence of the glowing scarlet patches.

The treatment of death demands further consideration. Mr. Bennett is as sensational, in his way as theatrical, in the management of a death scene as Dickens or Dostoyevsky. Nevertheless his theatricality is markedly different from that of earlier sensationalists, and the difference offers another clue to an understanding of the more recent writer. If one compares the account of Paul Dombey's last days with the account of Darius Clayhanger's mortal illness, or the execution of the unnamed criminal in *The Idiot* with the beheading of the Frenchman in *The Old Wives' Tale*, the nature of the difference appears. To these earlier writers death was a spiritual experience; to their successor it is a physical fact. His vignettes of the dying and the deceased are unforgettable. One beholds Darius as he "writhed faintly on the bed; his body seemed to have that vague appearance of general movement which a multitude of insects will give to a piece of decaying matter." Mrs. Maldon, in *The Price of Love*, after twenty-five years can still see her son's hand, "fleshless, on a cage-like skeleton in the dark grave." Constance calls to mind her husband—"even in the coffin, where . . . most people are finally effective, he had not been imposing, with his finicky little grey beard persistently sticking up." Sophia is summoned to Manchester, where Gerald Scales, once the dashing commercial traveller, has died; she stumbles into the darkened room, and beholds the face of an aged man,—“painfully, pitifully old. . . . The stretched skin under the jaw was like the skin of a plucked fowl. The cheekbones stood up, and below them were deep hollows, almost like

egg-cups. . . ." The fact is that Mr. Bennett has always viewed age and disease and death with the eyes of a young man. Dickens sees age as potential vision; Bennett as physical decay. Dickens sees death as the meeting-place of time and eternity; Bennett as the breaking down of the life-cells. Dostoyevsky sees an execution as a means of spiritual illumination; Bennett as a horrible spectacle. Without regard to the truth of either view, the depressing influence of the latter conception is obvious.

Some years ago there flared up a brief but hot controversy about Mr. Bennett's 'philosophy of life'. Not to get too deeply mired in that question, the suggestion may be permitted that the implications of his treatment of human nature are of a sort that, coinciding with those of the naturalistic school, tend to precisely that drabness of effect that so impresses the critics. For it is not death alone that resolves itself into a biological phenomenon. Life is regarded as equally explainable by the properties of matter in those complex combinations of atoms called men and women. It would almost appear that these novels are nothing more or less than elaborate exemplifications of the formula that traces human behavior to the twin abstractions of heredity and environment. Professor Stuart Sherman once amused himself by introducing the author of *The Old Wives' Tale* as a great contemporary exponent of a controlled, disciplined, ordered existence. What measures he has taken to bolster his belief in the face of books like *The Pretty Lady* and *Lilian* it is difficult to guess. But it is unnecessary to summon such recent volumes to the witness-stand. The very instance that is employed to illustrate the self-command and guidance admired by Professor Sherman—the repulse of Chirac's amatory advances by Sophia—proves upon analysis to exemplify the tremendous power of unreasoned adherence to habit—and habit is the creature of early environment.

"You must not do that," she said, coldly, unkindly, harshly. . . . Yet *she did not want to repulse him. The instinct which repulsed him was not within her control.* . . . Perhaps if her desires had not been laid to sleep by excessive physical industry and nervous strain, the sequel might have been different.

In other words, the decision resulted from a conflict between a weakened instinct and an equally unreasoned inhibition that had persisted from her youthful, conventional environment. This is no instance of self-control, of foresight, purpose, plan. The personality is simply the battle-ground of warring impulses. And it is this notion of human nature that dominates Mr. Bennett's novels. Such intensity and lift as they possess arise from the almost constant opposition of the immense inertia of habit to the violent pressure of instinct and appetite. That is the formula in accordance with which the narrative structure is built. And again, quite without regard to the truth or falsity of the formula, the depressing nature of its effect cannot be ignored. Life flows on a distinctly lower level here than in the pages of high-spirited Dickens. It becomes a symbol of futility.

Even on this lower level, however, romance is not entirely submerged. Along with the sensationalism and fantasticality that are of an older tradition in fiction is the proclamation of the wonder and mystery that pervade even the most humdrum lives, a feeling for the unpredictable elements in even the dullest existence, a perception that chivalry may exist in the Five Towns as well as in Camelot, and that the call to exquisite adventure may sound in the printing shop of Darius Clayhanger as authentically as in the pass of Roncesvalles.

The spirit of the sublime dwells not only in the high and remote; it shines unperceived amid all the usual meannesses of our daily existence. To take the common grey things which people know and despise, and, without tampering, to disclose their epic significance, their essential grandeur—that is realism.

This fine conception is sometimes realized in its author's work. The unfalsified commonplace is transfigured in the light of genuine inspiration. Yet, after all, the ultimate value of the revelation is rendered doubtful by the predominating sense of the futility of life.

When one examines the matter, then, the current misconceptions about this body of fiction are understandable; yet I believe that they are misconceptions. The dull grey surfaces of experience, the ordinary, the commonplace,—these are terms in-

adequate to characterize the novels in question. In reality, our author is a showman of life. He takes exquisite pleasure in putting his creatures through perilous acrobatic feats to exhibit their skill. He picks them for their jauntiness and fine bravado. He contrives acts that are now fantastic, now morbidly sensational, but always glittering and thrilling. Like many managers in the mimetic arts, he has a kindly feeling for the men and women in his care. But he is sure, after all, that they are mere puppets, pulled by strings beyond his control indeed, yet equally beyond theirs,—the strings of appetite and instinct and habit. His kindliness, therefore, is mingled with an amused contempt that affects his readers without their knowing it and leads them to object to the sordidness and meanness of the whole performance.

I began by suggesting that Mr. Bennett's sense of humor must be tickled, his risibilities stirred, by the spectacle of his deluded critics. There must be an edge of anger to the laughter,—of anger stimulated by a sense of frustration and impotence. For if my analysis is correct, the author of *Clayhanger* is discovered as an *âme incomprise*. He is like a man clamoring in a vacuum. He is spiritual kin to the Mark Twain of Mr. Brooks's evocation. When he dies he will perforce fly for companionship to that heaven where the indignant shade that is Mr. Nicolson's Tennyson stalks forever across the gloomy moors. He is a victim of circumstance. Mark Twain, they say, was early labelled a frivolous jester; and although he might in all seriousness rage at the folly of men and weep at their infantile helplessness and swear at their perverse fate, a jester he remains in the minds of his countrymen. So Mr. Bennett may splash in blood and crime like a Hollywood scenario-writer, or display all of the tricks of Puck; he remains to his sapient followers a literal-minded, conventional, decorous, aging post-Victorian. It is a quaint delusion. Psychoanalysts, to the rescue!

GEORGE B. DUTTON.

Williams College.

OCTAVE CRÉMAZIE, A LATE DEFENDER OF ROMANTICISM*

Whatever the reasons for its popularity, romanticism has never lacked apologists. The pens of authors and critics have been unstintedly enlisted in its service. Among its defenders, even the colonial literature of French Canada has representatives. One of the most interesting of the many authors who have discussed it was the brilliant and unfortunate French-Canadian poet, Octave Crémazie.

This young writer, three years after his tragic exile from Quebec, penned to his friend and confidant, the Abbé Casgrain, a treatment of the subject which deserves a permanent place in the history of French literary criticism. The abbé, himself an author of no mean reputation, says that it contains ideas which neither Lessing nor Cousin would have disowned, and shows a man familiar with all the masters in the science, Schiller, Tieck, Winckelmann, Schlegel, etc. He has included the letter containing it, dated January 16, 1867, in his critical and biographical essay, *Octave Crémazie*, now prefixed to the definitive edition of the poet's works.

Crémazie's motives for defending romanticism were, in part, personal. He had himself introduced Victor Hugo's ideas, rhythms and phraseology into French-Canadian poetry. The full extent of his obligation to Hugo has not been determined, but Charles ab der Halden, in his *Etudes de littérature canadienne française*, has shown it to be considerable. In defending romanticism he was, therefore, defending his own workmanship as a literary artist.

The immediate occasion of the defence was also personal. Shortly before his departure from Canada Crémazie had begun the publication in *Le foyer canadien* of a new poem, *La promenade des trois morts*. This work marked a departure from the

**Oeuvres complètes de Octave Crémazie, publiées sous le patronage de l'institut canadien de Québec.* Montréal: Librairie Bauchemin.

Preface to Cromwell in The Dramatic Works of Victor Hugo. Vol. III. Boston; Little, Brown & Company.

earlier traditions of his art, as exemplified in the patriotic poems, *Le drapeau de carillon* and *Le chant du vieux soldat canadien*. Its hero, like that of a well-known poem by Poe, was "the conqueror worm." It is based on the supposition that the soul in purgatory suffers from the physical decomposition of the body it has abandoned. Despite its gruesome subject, it contains passages of remarkable beauty. The distressing events connected with Crémazie's flight to France interrupted its composition, and it was never finished. The fragment was, however, included in an early edition of the poet's works, which was reviewed by M. Norbert Thibault, then a professor at the Laval Normal School. The critic, although himself a thorough classicist, showed great indulgence toward the poems in the collection, with the single exception of *La promenade des trois morts*. This work received much sharp criticism, especially for its ultra-romantic qualities, such as the juxtaposition of the beautiful and the horrible. Crémazie noted the criticism in a letter to M. Casgrain, August 10, 1866, and some five months later undertook a detailed defence of the principles underlying his poem. These were, as previously mentioned, the principles of the French school of romanticism.

His defence consists of a contrast between classicism and romanticism as working principles of art. He maintains the superiority of the latter for several reasons—its modernity, its higher morality, its use of the ugly and the grotesque as a contrast to the beautiful, its many exponents among the geniuses of literature, and its wider eclecticism.

On the point of modernity he says :—

The literary gods of M. Thibault are not mine; clinging tightly to classical literature he rejects completely the unfortunate romantic school and scarcely deigns to admit that it has produced a few remarkable works. As for me, while I admire the immortal masterpieces of the seventeenth century, I love with all my heart the romantic school, which has caused my soul to experience the sweetest and purest enjoyment it has ever felt. Still to-day, when melancholy envelops my spirit like a mantle of lead, the reading of one of Lamartine's *Méditations* or of Alfred de Musset's *Nuits* gives me more calmness and serenity than I

could find in all the tragedies of Corneille and Racine. Lamartine and De Musset are men of my time. Their illusions, their dreams, their aspirations find a sonorous echo in my soul because I, little I, at an enormous distance from these great geniuses, have caressed the same illusions, rocked myself in the same dreams and opened my heart to the same aspirations in order to sweeten the bitterness of the same regrets. What bond of union can there be between me and the heroes of tragedy? How can the destiny of kings and queens interest me? The poet's style is splendid, he caresses my ear and enchants my spirit; but the ideas of these men of another age say nothing to my soul nor to my heart.

This language is surprising, when we recall that it was written in 1867, thirty-seven years after the famous battle of *Hernani* and twenty-four after the practical repudiation of romanticism, as a school, at the representation of Hugo's *Burgraves*. Why, then, a resurrection by Thibault and Crémazie of dead and buried disputes between classicism and romanticism?

The explanation doubtless lies in the fact that both of the disputants were Canadians. The backwardness of colonial and derivative literatures is proverbial, and that of French Canada is no exception to the rule. Crémazie himself throws an interesting sidelight on the state of literary culture in Canada in 1866, when he writes that then French literature beyond the eighteenth century did not exist for the rank and file of his fellow-countrymen, whom he dignifies by the name of *grocers*. A few of the more advanced had vaguely heard of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, had perhaps read *Les martyrs* and some verses from the *Méditations*, but the other great names of French romanticism were almost completely unknown to them. We conclude, therefore, that, for Canada, the quarrel between classicism and romanticism was a living issue in 1867.

Continuing his discussion of the theme of modernity, Crémazie notes that ideas and customs in the nineteenth century are no longer what they were in the seventeenth. The romantic school has therefore had to adopt a form more in harmony with modern aspirations. It has sought the elements of this form in the works

of the sixteenth century. The *Pléiade* has thus become its spiritual ancestor.

This idea is not original with Crémazie. It first arose among the French romanticists, who used it as an answer to the accusation that they were chiefly imitators of foreign literature. Although only partly correct, it was very fruitful in France, leading to the rehabilitation of Ronsard after nearly two hundred years of neglect and producing Sainte-Beuve's *Tableau de la poésie française au seizième siècle*.

Crémazie's second point, that of the higher morality of romanticism, concerns the employment of pagan mythology. He insists that romanticism has raised the moral standards of the world by eliminating classic mythology from literature. He has always been of the opinion that too many pagan authors are forced down children's throats at school. Why do we teach only Greek mythology? The Scandinavian gods and the redoubtable Hindu trinity are much more poetic and particularly much less immoral than the Greek Olympus, peopled with bandits and evil women. In the history of the Scandinavian gods one recognizes the noblest instincts of humanity, deified by a nation's gratitude, while under the much vaunted skies of Greece more altars have been erected to vice than to virtue. Greek mythology and pagan authors, who deify men deserving to be hanged, can inspire only false ideas and unhealthy curiosity in the minds of school-children.

Great interest attaches to these statements as expressions of their author's personality. They show us Crémazie the scholar, the indefatigable student of foreign languages and literatures, of whom M. Casgrain writes, in the essay already mentioned:—

The German, Spanish, English and Italian literatures were as familiar to him as the French; he quoted with equal facility Sophocles and the Ramayana, Juvenal and the Arab or Scandinavian poets. He had even studied Sanscrit!

They also reveal Crémazie the pious moralist and religious zealot, who saw nothing in Voltaire but a scoffer and attributed the defeat of France in 1870 to the spread of atheism among her people. Their chief interest, however, lies in their reflection of

the turn from Mediterranean to northern sources of inspiration characteristic of French romanticism and expressed in the enthusiasm of its adherents over Ossian and Madame de Staël's *De l'Allemagne*.

The third point in favor of romanticism is its use of the ugly and the grotesque. M. Thibault has attacked this very feature. Crémazie rushes to the defence. Here he is deeply indebted to Hugo's celebrated *Préface de Cromwell*, although his own contribution to the subject is valuable.

M. Thibault declares that the new school has a predilection for all that is ugly and deformed. Crémazie contradicts him. The romantic school, he says, does not prefer the ugly to the beautiful, but accepts nature as it is; it believes that it can contemplate and even sometimes celebrate in song what God has taken the pains to create.

The ugly is, at all events, often a part of a synthesis which includes the beautiful. Romanticism, says Crémazie, has permitted poetry to tune its lyre in order to celebrate what is called the ugly, which is often only another form of the beautiful. "What he [M. Thibault] calls the horrible," he writes again, "is often only one of the forms, not of the isolated beautiful but of the universal beautiful."

Hugo expresses much the same thought. After showing that the grotesque and the ugly are the contribution of Christianity to art, the product of its spiritual analysis of man and its perception of the existence in him of both the beast and the angel, he continues:—

Christianity leads poetry to the truth. Like it, the modern muse will see things in a higher and broader light. It will realize that everything in creation is not humanly *beautiful*, that the ugly exists beside the beautiful, the unshapely beside the graceful, the grotesque on the reverse of the sublime, evil with good, darkness with light. It will ask itself if the narrow and relative sense of the artist should prevail over the infinite, absolute sense of the Creator; if it is for man to correct God; if a mutilated nature will be the more beautiful for the mutilation; if art has the right to duplicate, so to speak, man, life, creation; if things will progress better when their muscles and their

vigor have been taken from them; if, in short, to be incomplete is the best way to be harmonious. . . . The beautiful has but one type, the ugly has a thousand. The fact is that the beautiful, humanly speaking, is merely form considered in its simplest aspect, in its most entire harmony with our make-up. Thus the *ensemble* that it offers us is always complete but restricted like ourselves. What we call the ugly, on the contrary, is a detail of a great whole which eludes us, and which is in harmony, not with man but with all creation.

Crémazie cannot, however, follow Hugo all the way in his treatment of the ugly. "I do not say, like Hugo," he declares, "that *the beautiful is the ugly*, but I believe that only evil is ugly absolutely."

The reference is probably to Hugo's extended treatment of the benefits conferred upon modern art by the ugly and the grotesque. His essay appears, however, never entirely to confound the ugly and the beautiful, but to maintain that the contrast between them has deepened and spiritualized modern art.

Beauty and truth, Crémazie says, are never objective and absolute. "Why seek out the horrible? asks M. Thibault. Why leave the true and the beautiful? I might ask the professor of the normal school, what is the true, what is the beautiful, in literature? I know well that he would reply immediately by the story of Thérémème or the imprecations of Camille. They are magnificent, without doubt, but there are a host of things which are quite as beautiful but in another way—it all depends on the point of view." And again, somewhat earlier in his discussion, "A meadow dotted with flowers is beautiful, but is a rock struck by the lightning any less so because it is beautiful in another way?"

The ugly is an element of realism in romantic art, according to Crémazie. By admitting it, romanticism has democratized poetry. "All this war against realism is absurd," he writes. "What, pray, is this monster which frightens so many worthy people? It is the '89 of literature, which necessarily had to follow the '89 of political life; it is all the ideas, all the things trampled underfoot, without reason, by the privileged forms of the classic school, which are coming to claim their place in the literary sun;

and be assured that they will do so as successfully as the serfs and proletarians have in political society."

This is strange language for Crémazie, a steadfast supporter of throne and altar. The idea, however, that romanticism was a step toward literary democracy in that it admitted a wider and less aristocratic range of ideas and language, is profound and convincing. It is probably also original, although Hugo had touched upon the subject in a personal way in his poem *Réponse à un acte d'accusation*.

It brings a new interpretation for much of the phenomena connected with the romantic movement. For instance, it explains the introduction of concrete, colorful words by the early writers of the school as representing, not a mere literary device but an attempt to get nearer to the life of the common man and to convey the impression of that life in more accurate terms.

The thought of a close parallelism between literary technique and political evolution also merits attention. While political events have generally, and justly, been regarded as an element of background in the development of literature, the idea of so intimate a relationship between the two forces is novel.

The next point in favor of romanticism is that it represents the literary practice of the great writers of all time, who have combined idealism and realism, the beautiful and the ugly, in their works. "Do not realism and phantasy have for leaders Shakespeare, Dante, Byron and Goethe?" asks Crémazie. "Is not Ezekiel, the most poetic, in my opinion, of all the prophets, now a magnificent, a divine *fantaisiste*, now a wild and sombre realist?"

We recognize here the device, so familiar with the French romanticists, of enrolling celebrated foreign authors under their banners by a sort of post-mortem conscription. Dante and Shakespeare are thus 'adopted' by Hugo in his *Préface de Cromwell*. The procedure has a ridiculous aspect, since it presents the extraordinary phenomenon of children engaged in the task of selecting their own parents.

The last point in favor of romanticism which Crémazie mentions is its wider eclecticism. It is very briefly handled. "Eclecticism," he writes, "absurd in religion and philosophy, has always seemed

to me to be necessary in literature. To wish to view things only through classic eyes is to narrow voluntarily the horizon of thought." It is evident that he here has still in mind his idea of romanticism as a broadening, liberating and democratizing force in modern life.

The rest of his letter concerns itself with the discussion and defence of *La promenade des trois morts*, for which the foregoing considerations served as an introduction and basis.

GILBERT M. FESS.

Hillsdale College.

A COUNTRY ROAD

A country road, o'er-arched with trees
All gently rustling in the breeze;
A road that winds, a summer day,
With little lanes that slink away,—
To me, is worth a hundred seas.

The noonday hum of honey-bees,
The drowsy bird, that can but say
Three little words, his heart to ease:
A country road!

In vain do mountains make their pleas
For sovereign heights that hold their sway,
While kingdoms pass to frozen clay;—
My aspirations are not these—
My solitudes—my memories—
A country road!

KATHLEEN KNOX.

Belfast, Ireland.

ARMA VIRUMQUE

"Arms and the man I sing." These words are often used as a second name for the *Aeneid*. Ovid writes *Aeneidae arma*¹ as the equivalent of the *Aeneid*, just as in the same place *Tityrus* stands for the *Eclogues* and *segetes* for the *Georgics*. Martial and Persius also seem to know Vergil's epic as *arma virumque*. It may be doubted whether the opening words of any other great poem are so regularly used to designate the poem. Usage, if not strict propriety, justifies this procedure.

Yet, if we examine the content of Vergil's epic more closely, these words, unqualified, have only an external relation to the subject-matter and do not express the most genuine feelings of the poet. To begin with the *arma*, Vergil's inclination toward peace is attested by the habits of his life. He had ample opportunity for sharing in the adventures of war, but, unlike Horace, he chose instead the life of a scholar and a poet. The best evidence of his aversion to war is found in his poems. A lure not born of experience did prompt him in his youth to sing of kings² and battles, but Apollo evidently had little trouble in turning his thoughts to more congenial matters. Some years later he promises to gird himself for the task of singing the impetuous battles of Caesar,³ but it is easier to promise an unpleasant performance for the future than actually to fulfill it in the present. His preference leads him meanwhile through the woodland dales of the dryads.

The time came at last, however, for the fulfilment of his promise and he girded himself for the supreme effort of his life. His deep sense of obligation for favors rendered and his undoubted participation in the general rejoicing at the achievements of Augustus contributed to his purpose. Augustus probably no more than suggested the subject, but his keen interest supplied a never-failing incentive to the poet for the completion of his task. But war became none the less hateful to him. That this was so is proved by many indications throughout the poem.

¹*Amor.* 15, 25.

²*Ecl.* VI, 3.

³*Geo.* III, 46.

In the first book⁴ he represents Jupiter as foretelling the greatness of Cæsar, who is to be received into the heavens, laden with the spoils of the Orient. The military conquests, however, are not the climax of the prophecy, but the emphasis is laid upon the coming of the era of peace, when the cruel ages shall grow gentle and wars shall be banished, when the dread gates of war shall be closed, and impious Fury, seated within above his brutal arms and with a hundred chains of bronze binding him, shall rage horribly with bloody mouth. Strange indeed that one should sing of arms when he takes so great satisfaction in closing the gates of war and enchaining the demon of battle! Again, in the second book,⁵ when Æneas is compelled to tell the story of war, he expresses the poet's feeling exactly by saying: "Although my mind shudders to recall it and shrinks from its woe, I shall begin." Once more in the eleventh book⁶ Æneas shows as little love for the stern business of war as the poet manifests in describing it: "The same dread fates of war call us hence to other sorrows." Even if we had not these plain words the poet's manner would be sufficient to show that for *arma* he had no stomach. There is none of Homer's keen zest for the din of battle. A frequent word found in Homer for battle is a derivative of the root meaning *joy*. A common descriptive word used of battle by the Greek poet is rendered *man-ennobling*. But for Vergil war is *lacrimabile*. The love of battle is but an accursed madness.⁷ He submits to it only because it introduces the reign of law and the practice of peace.⁸ The proud must be subdued, but when that is done the conquered must be spared. The hero is willing to shift the responsibility of war to others, while for himself he reserves the more congenial task of establishing the sacred rites and the worship of the gods.⁹

In Vergil's mind they are a barbarian folk whose joy it is to gather the plunder and to live by booty.¹⁰ For his immost feeling *pax* is better than *arma*, the themes of the *Eclogues* and the *Georgics* rise superior to that of the *Æneid*.

⁴*Æn.* I, 289 sq.

⁷*Ibid.*, VII, 461.

¹⁰*Ibid.*, IX, 613.

⁵*Ibid.*, II, 12.

⁸*Ibid.*, VI, 852 sq.

⁶*Ibid.*, XI, 96.

⁹*Ibid.*, XII, 192.

Vergil's lack of success in depicting war has a direct relation to his mood. The books acknowledged by general consent as his best are not those dealing primarily with war. The last six, which contain more of battle than the first six, are the least interesting. The fourth and the sixth, which have nothing to do with battle, are generally considered the best of the twelve. Whatever attractiveness the third has comes from the interest in travel. From a military point of view, the second book, with its story of the fall of Troy, is a failure and does not compare with the battles of the *Iliad*. Napoleon, after reading this second book, pronounced it an absurdity. For Homer's account he had unstinted admiration. The difference between the two has a well defined reason. Homer writes as one who had actually participated in battle and had done so with joy, while Vergil's acquaintance arose merely from the study of books, and was void of pleasure. Homer's love of battle was genuine, Vergil's interest was assumed with peace as an ulterior motive. Æneas's chief business was to introduce the gods into Latium, to found a city that should serve as their home, and the warrior's business is but incidental. *Pax* is the atmosphere in which *religio* should flourish, and either word suits the poet's thought better than *arma*, the one used.

Consider next *virum*. Here again the expectations aroused by the word are not fulfilled. How little of real personality does Æneas possess beside Homer's Achilles, Odysseus, Nestor, Hector, and others! Homer's characters, it is true, are under the power of destiny, but they constantly act like free agents. Hector, when he sees his doom approaching, in the spirit of a free man resolves not to die ingloriously but to perform while dying some great deed of arms.¹¹ This attitude pervades both the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, and gives Homer his chief charm. But Vergil's Æneas has no such attractiveness. His personality is merged in that of the state. Dido and Turnus are much more nearly living personalities than the hero of the poem. We know little of the poet's private life, but since we do know that he had almost no part in Roman military or political

¹¹*Il.*, XXII, 304.

activities, it is a fair inference that Æneas was not his ideal of an individual personality, when applied to his own course of conduct. Æneas's greatness lay in the fact that he carried on his shoulders the destiny of Rome.¹² He had a mission to perform and it did not matter if he did not fully understand its significance.¹³ The heroes of Homer had missions less lofty, but they entered into them with clear-sighted knowledge. The difference means that Æneas becomes a mere instrument of fate. He is introduced as one under the influence of fate. Throughout his career he follows a course not dictated by his own will, *non sponte sequor*. He is disciplined to the suppression of individual emotions and ambitions. It was just such a type of colorless personality that had made the greatness of Rome. The poet is conscious of this feeling and accepted the task of the delineation of such a character with as little alacrity as that with which he approached the theme of war. Vergil's real mood is shown in the personal touches of the *Eclogues* or when, contrary to the conventional views, he allows his inclination to run free in the description of Dido, Camilla, Turnus, Mezentius, or Pallas. His Æneas is a symbol of Rome, or, what is the same thing, an impersonation of the emperor. In other words, from our point of view and most probably also from Vergil's own mood, his *vir* is not a *vir*.

Why, then, we may ask, do the words, *arma virumque*, stand at the most significant place in the poem? If these words have this position according to Vergil's plan the answer involves several reasons which may be regarded as satisfactory from a conventional point of view. The influence of the Greek epic upon Vergil has been greatly overrated, yet the effect is apparent, outwardly at least, in many places. Vergil may have intended to combine in these words the themes of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. How differently they are treated we have already shown, yet the poet might well make a concession to general expectation and to precedent. Aside from this outward conformity, the poet may have honestly desired to gratify the feelings of his compatriots in producing an epic on the traditional

¹² *Æn.*, VIII, 731.

¹³ *Ibid.*, VIII, 730.

themes, which were more attractive to them than they proved to be to the poet. Anticipation was keen even as he was writing. Something greater than the *Iliad*, it was announced, was soon to appear.¹⁴ A new era in Roman history had been reached, and the commemorative instincts of the Romans clamored for a suitable literary monument. Augustus himself shared in this feeling and importuned Vergil, playfully perhaps, yet with an underlying earnestness, to complete this task of commemoration. The response of Vergil is the measure of his susceptibility to the claims of his benefactor and to the wishes of his friends. That he did not succeed in fulfilling this task to his own liking is evident from the fact that when death was approaching he directed that the poem be destroyed.

Again, while these words have the emphatic position, as the poem now stands, their importance in the poet's mind was qualified by the saving clauses, "until he should found a city and introduce the gods into Latium." The *arma virumque* is the blare of trumpets challenging the attention, while the real theme is suggested more quietly in these unobtrusive clauses. Æneas's mission was essentially a religious one. "I shall contribute the sacred rites and the gods. Let Latinus pursue warfare."

All this is based upon the assumption that Vergil actually intended that these words should introduce his poem. A much more plausible explanation is found if we accept as Vergil's the four lines generally rejected:—

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus avena
Carmen, et egressus silvis vicina coegi
Ut quamvis avido parerent arva colono,
Gratum opus agricolis; at nunc horrentia Martis,

which may be rendered: "I who once tuned my song on a slender reed and leaving the woods induced the neighboring fields to obey the tiller, however greedy he might be—a work pleasing to farmers—now sing of the bristling (arms) of Mars." That Vergil actually wrote these lines should be beyond doubt. They were known to Suetonius, who quotes Nisus of the reign of Tiberius

¹⁴*Prop.*, III, 32, 59 sq.

as the authority for his knowledge of them. There could hardly be a better authenticated source of information. If these lines are not found in the best manuscripts, if Ovid apparently knew nothing of them, a sufficient reason for their disappearance is to be found in the tradition of Nisus, who says that Varius cut them out of the authorized version for reasons of his own.

Varius probably expunged these lines not because Vergil did not write them but because *arma virumque* suited his taste better as an opening. He was probably right in assuming that the great majority of readers would agree with him in rejecting them. But the majority is not always right, least so when a Vergil holds the minority position. Tennyson has been frequently criticised for his ending of *Enoch Arden*, but he dared to trust his own finer judgment in preference to that of his critics. In the case of the four rejected lines of Vergil, the majority against them is most pronounced. Fairclough says that they are "certainly out of keeping with the epic tone, drawing the attention to the poet rather than to the lofty theme." Heyne asserts that if Vergil actually wrote these lines Varius had a keener taste than Vergil. Conington suggests that Vergil would scarcely in this first sentence have divided the attention of the reader between himself and his hero. The validity of this last suggestion may well be contested. In the eight lines concluding the fourth *Georgic* Vergil links Cæsar's triumphs with the poet's pursuit of his art. These lines are generally accepted as genuine. On the same ground should not they also be expunged? Milton, who as a poet should have a more catholic taste than his critics, found it not inappropriate to unite in the opening sentence of his *Paradise Regained* the record of his own former poem with the Deliverer of mankind. The two cases are exactly parallel. I believe no valid reason exists for rejecting the Vergilian lines. Accepting them, we have a different situation with regard to *arma virumque*. They no longer hold the most prominent position. They are subordinated to a level more nearly in accord with the poet's own attitude. The qualifying clauses which we have already noted show that the hero is to be a religious founder. Through the action of Varius, and perhaps Tucca also, the emphasis was forced upon something that Vergil

from his very nature could not have emphasized. However pleasing the pastoral and rural songs may have been to the shepherds and husbandmen, they were even more so to the poet, and to this dominant mood of his, if these lines are genuinely his, as I believe they are, he gives the place of prominence. This seems to me to throw a new light upon *arma virumque*, and to make less glaring his failure to represent them as successfully as Homer did similar themes. It is not necessary to deny Vergil's shortcomings, but when we have really understood his point of view our admiration for him as man and poet is not diminished.

ARTHUR L. KEITH.

The University of South Dakota.

REFOCUSING SHELLEY*

The Shelley centenary of 1922 has quickened the revival of interest in the poet that began soon after 1880. It was an inevitable revival, for the combination of sincerity, power, aspiration, faith in the future of humanity, and the sheer spirit of love, in Shelley the poet—to say nothing of the strange pathos of his life and of the manly heroism with which in his last years he met his many doubts and difficulties—wins and will win for him a widening and deepening influence on the hearts of men. Mrs. Campbell says truly that "Shelley had a combination of genius with a rich, generous and versatile nature such as few other English poets have possessed." And again, "he is in so many ways profoundly typical of modern man, and enacted the drama of our very souls; though we are as yet only in the uncertain conflict of the third act." And Shelley himself, in his *Defence of Poetry*, has revealed much of his great purpose as poet in these noble passages:—

A man, to be greatly good, must imagine intensely and comprehensively; he must put himself in the place of another and of many others; the pains and pleasures of his species must become his own. The great instrument of moral good is the imagination; and poetry administers to the effect by acting upon the cause. Poetry enlarges the circumference of the imagination by replenishing it with thoughts of ever new delight, which have the power of attracting and assimilating to their own nature all other thoughts, and which form new intervals and interstices whose void for ever craves fresh food. Poetry strengthens

**Shelley and the Unromantics*. By Olwen Ward Campbell. London: Methuen & Company. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. Pp. xi, 307.

Shelley: the Man and the Poet. By A. Clutton-Brock. London: J. M. Dent & Sons. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1924. Pp. xi, 324.

Ariel, ou La Vie de Shelley. Par André Maurois (Émile Herzog). Paris: Bernard Grasset. 1923. Pp. 358. (Translated into English by Ella D'Arcy. New York: D. Appleton & Company. 1924. Pp. vi, 336.)

Shelley in Germany. By Solomon Liptzin. New York: Columbia University Press. 1924. Pp. vii, 97.

the faculty which is the organ of the moral nature of man, in the same manner as exercise strengthens a limb. . . .

We want the creative faculty to imagine that which we know; we want the generous impulse to act that which we imagine; we want the poetry of life: our calculations have outrun conception; we have eaten more than we can digest. . . .

Poetry redeems from decay the visitations of the divinity in man.

Of the four books before us, Mrs. Campbell's is the frankest and finest contribution to a real understanding of Shelley's soul through an examination of his experience—outer and inner—and of his changing, self-correcting programme. She devotes two chapters to brief but intense appraisals of the poet's biographers and friends,—Trelawny, Hunt, Byron, Medwin, Peacock, Hogg, Godwin and Mary (we wish she had said more of the Williamses), most space being given, of course, to Byron. She finds that "Shelley's intellect was far the keener, and his culture much deeper. Though both drew their inspiration so largely from Greece, Byron's scholarship was but very shallow. . . . Though both were aristocrats and revolutionaries, only Shelley was a gentleman as well; in a sense, only Shelley was genuinely democratic." Mr. Clutton-Brock takes a milder view of Byron (pp. 128 *seq.*), but there can be little doubt that Byron himself, greatly as he admired Shelley, slowly wore out Shelley's friendship for him. Byron, as the reviewer has said elsewhere, was proud, passionate, fitfully purposive, like an alien bird oaring and flapping close to earth; Shelley was keen, luminous, mild, sun-adventuring, sailing the upper ether of thought and love with tense but tireless wings. Byron could never wholly escape from his fears, his defiances, his poses and his doubts. Indeed, he had not intellect enough either to rule his own kingdom or to develop a truly believed and sustained philosophy. And M. Maurois, despite his light, clever, semi-fictional tone, is not far wrong in saying that "Shelley avait voulu connaître, Byron éblouir, et Byron s'en rendait très bien compte."

Mrs. Campbell's book has the especial interest attaching to

a highly cultivated woman's judgments of women. She considers as impartially as she can the merits and defects of Mary Shelley; of Harriet, who seems to her to have become after maternity "the commonplace little woman she had been meant for," as against the views of Santayana, Mark Twain, and other champions; of Elizabeth Hitchener, Shelley's friendship for whom "had never existed but in his dreams;" of Emilia Viviani, a "romantic young creature" who "was simply playing a cunning game;" and of Jane Williams, "rather selfish and rather stupid," but "bright and genial and friendly." Nor does she praise Mary overmuch, notwithstanding her careful review of Mary's good qualities. "She was not what is usually meant by an egoist, but all her days she walked between herself and the light. . . . We feel that she was distant, even with herself. . . . Her love for Shelley was curiously distant, even when distant only with excess of admiration." (Is this last a considered verdict or a keen intuition?) And she cannot quite forgive (p. 244) Mary's ineffective editorial work on Shelley's poems.

The weakest chapter in Mrs. Campbell's indispensable study is the eighth, dealing with the lyrics, which impresses us as an unorganized collection of occasional notes earlier made. The strongest critical work is found in the two concluding chapters, dealing usefully and originally with the Romantic Revival and with Shelley's philosophy of life and poetry. Mrs. Campbell perceives the rise of the Romantic spirit in the Middle Ages as a thing apart from the Greek spirit, which made of man a protégé of the gods, nothing more; and from the Jewish spirit, which made him still a protégé, but a protégé with claims. She associates Romanticism with Christianity and with Christ, the first Romantic and the greatest, who taught that all men were divine ("There is nothing on earth divine," says Lander's Melancthon, "beside humanity"). And the romance of the Middle Ages was the romance of Christ, a romance that reveals itself in early English literature in the *Morte d' Arthur*, and later in those splendid Elizabethan epic and dramatic adventures in hope and love. Eighteenth-nineteenth century Romanticism was real, or tentative, or false—false in the artificial sentimentality of

Walpole and Ossian, Gray and Collins; tentative in Burns and Blake, who felt that Poetry and Religion must be re-united; real in Wordsworth and Keats and Shelley, who accomplished the reunion. These were the true Romantics, because they had a mystical yet persistent faith in man, "not depending upon mundane manifestations of his power, but upon some sense of the inherent greatness of his soul—a hope, perhaps, that he is more than mortal." And Mrs. Campbell is at pains to distinguish between this essence of attitude and the mere trappings and inheritances of Romanticism. This test is applied more rigidly to Shelley in the last chapter, and he emerges the prophet and the lover.

As a poetical philosopher he believed in an all-pervading Benignant Principle, and in an immortal human soul—immortal by reason of a spark of divinity within it, capable of being somehow fanned into flame. That it remained a spark was not, he felt, due to any inherent evil in the universe, but to the present dormant and unreal character of earthly life.

With some of Mrs. Campbell's opinions we can hardly agree. She contradicts herself about the character of Shelley's mother (pp. 24, 70, 117) and about his dramatic sense (pp. 197, 218); she speaks of "the one fine sonnet *Ozymandias*,"—a sonnet which is indeed poetry, but which is canonically unsound. She shows some uncritical petulance in her treatment of the 'Follow' refrain in *Prometheus Unbound*, and is less than just to the value of the Fourth Act, which gives reality in celebrant music to the central idea of the entire drama, relieves overcharged emotions, and makes the *Prometheus* more artistically credible. It is interesting to note that Mrs. Campbell sides here with Francis Thompson, whose essay on Shelley she disparages, as against W. M. Rossetti, whose lectures on this drama she praises. Nor is her style as impeccable as it is interesting. Trelawny modifies a certain statement *enormously* (p. 16); what is "a mere *chunk* of descriptive verse"? (p. 223); *wonderful* is much overworked; there are rather flamboyant attempts at humor on pages 115 and 215; and there is some downright bad grammar on pages 30, 153 and 238.

At her best—and she is not seldom at her best—Mrs. Campbell shows much penetration and a brilliant quality of phrasal precipitation.

From Sion³House to Eton, from Eton to Oxford, from Oxford into the England of 1811, it was progress not in variety, but in intensity.

The book is honest, human, clear, judicial, and refreshingly free from claptrap and from second-hand dullnesses in opinion and utterance.

The late Arthur Clutton-Brock's *Shelley* was first published in 1909. The present new and completely revised edition is a better book than before, for the author has profited by the remark of Edward Thomas that he had offered much posthumous advice to Shelley, and has eliminated several of the offending portions, besides profiting by the advice of other readers and critics. The style is urbane, easy and at times diverting, but the book as a whole is much more useful informationally than critically, although there are reviews of *The Revolt of Islam*, *Prometheus Unbound*, *The Witch of Atlas*, *The Defence of Poetry*, *Adonais* and *Hellas*. Mr. Clutton-Brock seems very uncertain about Shelley's sense of humor, insisting on pages 69 and 259 that the poet never had one, yet citing instances of it on pages 113 and 172, and admitting "some humour" on page 183. Similarly, he suffers from confusion of thought in estimating Shelley's character on its more human side, especially in his relations with Harriet and with Mary (matters treated with really fine discernment by Mrs. Campbell) and in his friendships with Emilia Viviani, Jane Williams, and Elizabeth Hitchener. There are manifest contradictions in Mr. Clutton-Brock's several conclusions, which result in distorting the portrait as a whole, giving us a composite rather than an individual. Again, Shelley is "thoroughly in love" with Harriet at first, but thirty-two pages farther on we learn that he "was never passionately in love with Harriet." This is either juggling with words, or else sheer carelessness of statement.

Complete revision would have suggested also the omission of a good deal of the 'advice' that still remains in some of the

critical chapters, especially that on the *Prometheus*, which is disappointingly casual and inconclusive. The symphonic qualities of the drama are suggested. We have sometimes thought that it possesses real operatic possibilities. The brief remarks on *The Cenci* are better conceived.

The treatment of Shelley's life is in general accurate, but shows less understanding than goodwill.

It is, however, much more reliable than the witty, gossipy, cynical *La Vie de Shelley* of M. André Maurois, author of *Les Silences du Colonel Bramble*. His narrative is facile and Gallic, but it deserves Mrs. Campbell's comparison of it with the second half of M. Koszul's *La Jeunesse de Shelley* as misrepresenting and vulgarizing the poet. It plays gaily with symptoms and surfaces, but it does not touch Shelley's soul. It has the air of a rather mocking comedy of manners, and the intention of turning so-called biography into a panorama of entertaining events. It is in no sense a contribution to scholarship, but a mere gamesome adventure that will amuse, prove popular, and pass. Miss D'Arcy's translation is very well done.

It a grateful task to trace the influence of Shelley as a stimulator of the soul in any country, and Dr. Liptzin has well accomplished his careful undertaking as regards Germany. He points out that the qualities of Shelley's style make translation rather difficult, and that his poetry, unlike Byron's, lacks the ease and objectivity that won for his friend so great a vogue on the Continent. Nevertheless, this investigation shows clearly the considerable impression that Shelley has made on German poetry, fiction and letters generally.

Despite his knowledge of Shelley's translations from *Faust*, and recommendations from English friends, Goethe seems to have been relatively indifferent to the poet, who first appears to German notice as a subordinate friend and pale imitator of Byron. Even Heine knew little of him. But "Young Germany" (1834-1848) became interested in his personal history (see Gutzkow, Laube, Kühne and Mundt). *The Cenci* was translated at Stuttgart in 1837 by Felix Adolphi (Adolph Friedrich, Graf von Schack), and printed with a biographical sketch, based

entirely on Medwin. In 1840 Alfred Meissner translated *Alastor*, and in the same year the first part of Julius Seybt's translation of "all the works" appeared at Leipzig, but was anticipated by another, the work of Ferdinand Prössel and Ludwig Herrig, published at Brunswick. Prössel afterwards issued some individual translations, and Seybt's task was completed in 1844. Other translators are Strodtmann and Georgii. The influence of Shelley proved strongest in Germany during the fifth decade, affecting the political poets, Geibel, Herwegh, Meissner, Hartmann, Gottschall, and others; but this interest died down after the Revolution of 1848. Julian Schmidt, a realistic critic of some contemporary eminence, furthered the reaction by attacks on Shelley's unpractical idealism, which he simply did not understand. In the sixties, however, criticism softened, and Shelley began to be received and mildly recognized as a benevolent social poet. Dr. Liptzin devotes a chapter to the German novels and plays in which Shelley appears as chief or subordinate figure. None of these is of great worth. In his final chapter he discusses later translations, Helene Druskowitz's and Richard Ackermann's biographies of the poet, and the revival of interest (limited for the most part to scholars) in Shelley among the still Byronic Germans of our day.

This monograph is well organized and has some sense of style. Trelawny's name is misspelled, and the date of Shelley's death is incorrectly given as August, 1822.

Why is Shelley now more than ever Shelley? Because he was ceaselessly loyal to his inspiration rather than humanly careful for his ease; because he loved mankind rather than men, the hope and vision of a new world rather than the smug and selfish *status quo*, and wisdom ("heavenly of the soul") more than knowledge ("earthly of the mind"). And because he was, as Swinburne affirms, "the perfect singing-god; his thoughts, words, deeds, all sang together." No "ineffectual angel" he, but a "bird of God," rather, does Shelley seem to me,—bright, keen, palpitant, whose song sustains itself in eternal echoings.

GEORGE HERBERT CLARKE.

The University of the South.

BOOK REVIEWS

A LIFE OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. By Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1923. Pp. xvii, 561.

SHAKESPEARE. By Raymond Macdonald Alden, Professor of English in Stanford University. New York: Duffield & Company. 1922. Pp. xix, 377.

CHIEF PRE-SHAKESPEAREAN DRAMAS. Edited by Joseph Quincy Adams, Professor of English in Cornell University. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. Pp. vii, 712.

Professor Adams's biography of Shakespeare incorporates and interprets in persuasively attractive fashion most of the definite results of research in this field to the present time, and a great many of the conjectural conclusions. So many, indeed, of these latter that in order to give continuity to his narrative and at the same time to satisfy his own scholarly sense of possible alternatives, he has felt obliged to use a regrettably large number of saving phrases and clauses, such as "no doubt", "possibly", "we cannot say", "if this be the case", "there is reason for believing", "might readily suggest", "it seems", "the presumption is", etc. To such an extent is this habit permitted to go that six such examples can be found on a single page. It is a habit that might have been controlled by better craftsmanship, without detriment to sound learning. Nor does the author seem aware of his over-fondness for repetition. He twice mentions Rowe's statement that the Earl of Southampton at one time gave Shakespeare a thousand pounds; twice (within two pages) he explains the meaning of "Delian sonnetry"; twice (within three pages) he refers to Edward Alleyn as "servant to the right-honourable the Lord High Admiral"; twice (within six pages) he cites John Weever's poem, *The Mirror of Martyrs*, as a counterblast to the defamation of Sir John Oldcastle in *Henry IV*, Parts I and II; he reminds us thrice that Ben Jonson composed slowly; twice he repeats Oldys's tradition about the presence of a younger brother of Shakespeare when the poet acted the part of Adam in *As You Like It*; and twicc he recounts the

story of the hireling whose treachery resulted in the initial 'pirating' of *Hamlet*.

For the fullness of scholarship, however, shown in this notable book and the painstaking efforts in major and minor reference to support final or tentative conclusions, we must accord Dr. Adams high praise. He has produced an authoritative Life free from pedantry, and, through his historical sense and sympathy, has built up a narrative (with interspersed expositions) that gives us much of the color and savor of the vigorous, versatile Elizabethan age, and not a little of the still baffling personality of Shakespeare. The author knows his materials as a specialist must know them. He seeks especially to picture Shakespeare as a part of the busy, eager theatrical life about him. He examines the traditions freshly and judicially, and marshals the available evidences with skill and insight. As regards style, he has "chiefly aimed at clarity" and has succeeded, although he sometimes allows himself to become a little sententious. The chapter on Shakespeare's ancestry (much of which first appeared in the SEWANEE REVIEW for October, 1921) and those on his boyhood, on his schooling, on the rise of professionalism in the drama, on Shakespeare's connection with the Lord Chamberlain's (King's) Company, on his social and professional progress, on the building of new playhouses, on the Poetomachia and the War of the Theatres, on King James's patronage of the poet and his fellows, on the retirement to Stratford, on the death and burial, and on the creation of the First Folio, are of exceptional worth and interest. Dr. Adams purposely avoids æsthetic criticism (rather to our regret, as we feel that he could make valuable contributions in this field also), his interest being chiefly antiquarian and historical.

The argument opposing the Lucy tradition is ably, and we think, cogently, presented, as against the views of Sir Sidney Lee and others; but we find ourselves of Sir Sidney's opinion touching the probable origin of Shakespeare's contribution to Robert Chester's volume in honor of Sir John Salisbury. We think, too, that Dr. Adams makes too much of the appearance of Shakespeare's name at the top of the first column of mentioned actors in Ben Jonson's publication of *Every Man in His*

Humour, that of Burbage being "relegated to the head of the second column." On page 360, indeed, in discussing *Sejanus his Fall*, Dr. Adams rather reverses his point of view in saying: "By placing Shakespeare's name at the head of the second column Jonson gives it a significance almost equal to that of Burbage's;" and on page 424 he also seems to regard the two positions as of approximately equal importance.

The author thinks that purely objective reasons are sufficient to account for Shakespeare's entrance into tragedy, and, later, into tragi-comedy and romance.

. . . It seems more reasonable to suppose that with the passing of youth, and the coming of the harder and more subtle intellect of middle-age, the dramatist sought to probe into those festering "imposthumes" of life which, as he had observed, oft breaking within, show no cause without why the world is filled with unhappiness. (p. 301)

. . . We may assume that Shakespeare, in the full maturity of his powers, felt at last ready to attempt tragedy, the most difficult and lofty type of dramatic art; and that ambition rather than melancholia, led him to the production of his masterpieces. (p. 302).

But to suppose that Shakespeare applied himself to tragedy entirely, or even primarily, as a matter of intellectual curiosity or artistic exploration seems to us unwarrantable, although, as Professor Alden puts it, "there is no obvious and determinable relationship between objective and subjective conditions" (p. 103). Professor Alden admits that a dramatist cannot avoid choice of moods (p. 192), and suggests a reconciliation between the subjective and objective theories as both possibly true, "provided Shakespeare's mood and taste chanced to coincide with the mood and taste of the public" (p. 323). For ourselves, we believe that experience in suffering is a large part of the price that the artist—sensitive above other men—must pay for his power. Even his vicarious suffering may—indeed must—become to him as real as though it were personal. He must undergo what Mrs. Browning calls "the baptism in salt water." He must say No where he has once said Yes, in order that some day he may say Yes once again. The first Yes represents the frank,

ready acceptance of things-as-they-are, to turn over and delight in; the No represents honest scepticism, the questioning spirit, the determination to test and try life's values for oneself, to walk into shadow and sorrow in order that one may understand, to spare nothing of artistic melancholy (with its acute sensibility to the imperfections of life, to the inadequacy of language, to the incompleteness of love) that may help to a knowledge of the relations of values, to welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough, and yet to continue to say with *fundamental* serenity:—

Be our joys three-parts pain!
Strive, and hold cheap the strain;
Learn, nor account the pang; dare, never grudge the throe!

It is only thus that a man and an artist can thereafter achieve the philosophic mind shown so clearly by Shakespeare in *Cymbeline*, *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*—the mind of a wise, kind, tolerant maturity, that knows life, and knows that, despite its much evil, it moves from good to good. Could mere creative interest in the idea of tragedy have found its way to the ruined heart of Lear, the dark poet in Macbeth, the agonizing credulity of Othello, the intricate net of doubts and sorrows that strangles action in Hamlet?

Professor Adams believes that Shakespeare first joined the Earl of Pembroke's Company, perhaps 'getting himself a fellowship' through the *Comedy of Errors*. Accordingly, he does not attribute to Shakespeare the original authorship of the famous Talbot scenes in *Henry VI*, Part I, thinking that George Peele's play *Henry VI*, presented by the Lord Strange's Company, must have led Shakespeare to revise hurriedly for the Pembroke's Men Marlowe's twin plays, *The Contention Betwixt the Two Famous Houses of York and Lancaster* and *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York* (this revision being later included in the First Folio as *Henry VI*, Parts II and III). After Shakespeare had become a member of the Chamberlain's Company, the proprietors of Peele's play, he slightly modified and tied in the latter with Parts II and III so as to form the trilogy. Toward the vexed question of the First Quarto of *Hamlet* Professor Adams takes largely the attitude of Collier, Lee,

Chambers and others, and does not consider the arguments of Dr. Frank G. Hubbard in favor of its possible authenticity, as developed in *The First Quarto Edition of Shakespeare's Hamlet* (1920), or those of Knight and Elze.

The statement on page 291 that "the only allusion Shakespeare made to a contemporary poet" is the reference to Marlowe in *As You Like It* seems to ignore, or to reject as not actual, the apparent allusion, supported by Fleay, Wright, Grosart and Lee, to *The Tears of The Muses* of Spenser (who praised Shakespeare in *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*), occurring in Act Five, Scene One, of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

'The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceas'd in beggary.'

Both Dr. Adams and Sir Sidney Lee seem to us to over-emphasize the part which the production of *Richard II* on the afternoon of February 7, 1601, was expected to play in the Essex demonstration. It could hardly have been more than a mere piece of hit-or-miss propaganda. Neither Essex nor Southampton aimed at anything like the deposition or assassination of the sovereign, but rather at the overthrow of their political enemies after Essex should "secure himself to have access to the Queen's presence without resistance." It is true, of course, that the Queen herself with nervous indignation magnified the affair of the play. Professor Alden takes a juster view.

Slight weaknesses of syntax occur on pages 114, 142, 281 and 514; and there are slips in fact on page 36, where Cassius is made to challenge Brutus, rather than Caesar Cassius, to "swim to yonder point"; and on page 178, where the envoy to the First Series of the *Sonnets* is said to contain *ten* lines in couplets.

Professor Alden's purpose has been to provide an untechnical and middle-of-the-road review of what has been done in Shakespearean criticism on both the æsthetic and the historical sides.

. . . so long as Shakespeare is a vital element in the life of the English-speaking world, there can be no hardened unanimity in Shakespeare criticism. The test of these chapters must be whether they hold the balance reasonably true. . . .

Shakespeare's environment is presented perhaps too expositively; but the brief review of the Life is well done, especially the marriage matter, although several items of importance are necessarily omitted. The treatment of the *Sonnets* is thoughtful and largely sound, and rather more satisfying than is Professor Adams's corresponding discussion. As for the plays, the examination of the chronicle-histories is, in general, useful; the remarks on comedy, with their applications, are illuminating; the analysis of the tragedies is capable and really stimulating (although we think that the perplexing "minor matters" cited as occurring in *Hamlet* prove less perplexing when considered under the subjective view); and the tragi-comedies and dramatic romances are faithfully dealt with, save, perhaps, *Pericles*.

In Professor Alden's summation—"Shakespeare"—we can hardly agree that Polonius's farewell speech to Laertes is "noble" in its borrowed wisdom ("What you are speaks so loud I cannot hear what you say."). Again, as touching the problem of Shakespeare's views of society, it seems hardly just to assert that "he enjoyed no foregleams of the democracy of centuries to come." He was, of course, a creature of his time, a bearer of those social and political ideas which were normal to the Elizabethans; but for all that, he was too great an artist, too sure a gentleman, to be content with scorning the *hoi polloi*. Shakespeare has often been compared in his largeness and tolerance with Nature herself. Not inappropriately, for, as Leigh Hunt has suggested in his *Autobiography*, Nature is aristocratic in her colors, her pomps and her pageantries, her spectacles and her decorations, while she is democratic in that she sends her rain upon the just and the unjust, and takes no respect of persons. Certainly, the Shakespeare who dealt so humanly yet so shrewdly with the Puritan and the Jew was not the Shakespeare to condemn impatiently the "raskall rabble" merely because of its gross absurdities and its only half intelligent reachings-out toward higher things. "I do not like," said Bacon, "the word people." But that is not a sentiment in which Shakespeare could have shared, save in the limited political connotation of the term. He loved the world and was interested in all things in it. He had indeed the poet's abhorrence of a purely partisan

way of looking at *anything*, and he comprehended in his all-absorbing charity the Elizabethan underlings whose social and political aspirations on the side of organization may have been personally amusing to him. Like Paracelsus, he saw a good in evil and a hope in ill-success, and he was quite capable of sympathizing and being proud of the *essentials* of the democratic idea, in so far as they had historical opportunity to exhibit themselves rationally to his eye and to his memory. Coleridge, however, justly phrases the matter in styling Shakespeare-in-himself a philosophical aristocrat.

Professor Adams has produced a really admirable book of selections to illustrate the history of English Drama from its beginnings to the time of Shakespeare. It contains over sixty specimens, the text of which has been carefully collated with the originals. In order to exhibit something of the sources he has included a few liturgical plays from the Continent, the corresponding English plays not having survived, and the liturgical drama, in any case, having had an international development. These first examples and kindred others are placed in their appropriate categories, and are followed by specimens of the Craft Cycles, Non-Cycle Plays, Moralities, Folk Plays, Farces, School Plays, Inns of Court Plays, the Court Drama, and Plays of the Professional Troupes. The arrangement is logical; and the translations of the mediæval Latin and colloquial Middle English, the variant references, and the glossarial, historical and other explanatory footnotes are adequate. The collection as a whole is a model of the practical uses of conscientious scholarship and an example of highly skilled publishing. G. H. C.

THE LETTERS OF ARCHIE BUTT, PERSONAL AIDE TO PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. Edited, with a Biographical Sketch of the Author, by Lawrence F. Abbott. New York: Doubleday, Page & Company. 1924. Pp. xxviii, 395.

On the north wall of the chapel of the University of the South, at Sewanee, stands a bronze memorial tablet bearing the following inscription:—

To commemorate the noble life and heroic death of Major Archibald Willingham Butt, U. S. A., an alumnus of

Sewanee who gave his life in the service of others on the *Titanic*, April 15, 1912, in the greatest disaster in marine history. This tablet is here placed by his brothers of Beta Theta Chapter, Delta Tau Delta Fraternity.

Archibald Willingham Butt, born at Augusta, Georgia, on September 26, 1865, was graduated from Sewanee in 1888. He was not a brilliant student, but 'made his grades' and showed even then sound journalistic instincts. He was a social leader in college, was interested in dramatics, and was a staunch friend of all his friends, of whom there were many. After leaving college he served three years on the staff of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, a year on the *Macon Telegraph*, and thereafter as Washington correspondent for a number of Southern newspapers. Largely on account of his human and social gifts General "Matt" Ransom took him to Mexico as Secretary of the Embassy. Returning to Washington for a short time, he entered the Spanish-American War as Assistant Quartermaster of Volunteers, and thirteen months later became a Quartermaster in the regular army, with the rank of Captain. From 1900 until 1904 he served in the Philippines with marked ability and initiative. In 1906 he was sent to Cuba as Depot Quartermaster at Havana, and was recalled early in 1908 to become President Roosevelt's Military Aide at the White House. This appointment was renewed on his own account by President Taft, when he took office in 1909. In March, 1912, "Archie" (then Major Butt) sailed for Italy to recuperate, and next month, on the return voyage, went down with the ill-fated *Titanic*.

The correspondence included in this volume closes with the Roosevelt régime, and covers a period of eleven months. The letters were written in lieu of a diary, at the suggestion of Major Butt's mother, his devotion to whom was deeply worshipful. "The greatest sorrow of his life," wrote President Taft, "was when she left him." The thought of publication obviously did not enter the writer's mind. After his mother's death his sister-in-law, Mrs. Lewis F. Butt, became the recipient of the remaining letters, for, he wrote, "I know you well enough to feel that what is written to you is the same as buried." The letters are now printed (with some necessary omissions) by

consent of the writer's family and with the approval of such men as Theodore Roosevelt, Junior, and Nicholas Longworth, since it is believed that the reasonableness and the human kindness of their tone, the graphic descriptions of scenes and persons, the intimate humor of their anecdotes, and the value of their recorded impressions and opinions must more than justify—to 'the thoughtful reader' and the historian alike—their publication in permanent form.

Among the men and women whose appearance or characteristics are touched on are Ambassadors Bryce, Jusserand, von Sternberg, von Bernstorff, and others; Chief Justice White; Justice Moody; Justice (now Chief Justice) Taft; Senators Lodge, Bacon, Hale, Tillman, Aldrich, and Beveridge; General Clarence C. Edwards, Captain William S. Sims, Admiral Charles S. Sperry; Gifford Pinchot; William J. Bryan, Charles E. Hughes, Charles W. Fairbanks; Bishop Charles H. Brent, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Bishop William Lawrence; Andrew Carnegie; Willard Straight; Israel Zangwill, Owen Wister, and Frederick Palmer. The women of especial interest are Mrs. Roosevelt, who "really constitutes the atmosphere of the house, a sort of feminine luminiferous ether, pervading everything and everybody;" Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Longworth; Mrs. Douglas Robinson and Mrs. William S. Cowles (President Roosevelt's sisters); Mrs. Taft; Madame Jusserand; Miss Katherine Elkins; Miss Ethel Roosevelt; Mrs. J. Borden Harriman; and Miss Anne Morgan.

The chief value of these letters, of course, consists in their reflection of the personality of Theodore Roosevelt, especially on the domestic and informal sides. The four long letters written from Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, between July 24, 1908, and July 28, are to an unusual degree revelatory of the character of Roosevelt as husband, father, and friend.

I was much interested in meeting the family in this way and never saw less restraint than at the President's table. Every child has something to say, and when one makes a remark it is certain to bring forth a volley of denials or contemptuous rebuttals from the others. In fact, there was nothing studied or formal, and every member came in for a little fun before the dinner was over. Even the guests did not escape. (p. 64).

Something of the quintessence of Roosevelt is quickly suggested in such passages as these:—

In fact, the only way for one to make himself solid with this man when doing anything is to do it hard. (p. 27).

I find that the President fills a good deal of the minds of those around him. He is mental and physical energy personified, and you find yourself caught up in his whirl and go skimming through space with him without any will power either to stop the machinery or even to slow it up. (p. 43).

. . . he may make serious mistakes, but whatever he does he does after thinking, and hard but very rapid thinking. He is not as impetuous as he likes to appear. (p. 112).

To me that is his one weakness. He cannot brook criticism, yet he will tell you that he does not mind it at all and rather invites it. Possibly he is right, for as intimately as I am thrown with him, sometimes I feel that I know but a very small side of him. (p. 223).

And yet "Archie" relates on pages 197-8 a story which shows that Roosevelt really sought and profited by criticism in at least one important instance.

How the President rode, swam and climbed; how he insisted on playing tennis in the rain; what a small foot he had; what a large eater he was; what he thought of Methodists, Catholics and Episcopalians; his attitude towards liquor; his failure to like Shakespeare; the cult of the presidential "incense-swingers"—these and a hundred other matters of like interest are dealt with here in happy, fluent style. As the writer himself puts it, the President's influence was masterful, "and his friends become fanatical, *e.g.*, to wit—I." And this perhaps may account for the one serious mistake of judgment that this manly Boswell makes in defending Roosevelt about the Ananias Club, a defence which smacks of casuistry and is apparently more loyal to an unusual person than to a usual principle.

It is with something of shock that we learn through these letters of Roosevelt's questionable (the adjective is not Major Butt's) taste in literature, whatever may have been the extent of his reading. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* "has always

been my favorite short poem." His next favorite was *Elsbeth's Ballad*, in Scott's *Antiquary*. Edgar Allan Poe was—

our one supereminent genius . . . the most eminent literary character we have produced. . . . Even as sane a man as Holmes [sic] declared Poe to be one-fifth genius and four-fifths guff. If any man was ever about five-fifths genius that man was Poe. The next most eminent literary man I think we have produced was Hawthorne, in spite of the fact that I do not care for him and seldom read him. (p. 124).

We have seen, too, that he did not care for Shakespeare. No doubt he was justified in preferring Mrs. Roosevelt's judgments in this domain,—

She is better read, and her value of literary merit is better than mine. I have a tremendous admiration for her judgment. She is not only cultured but scholarly. I sometimes fear that she has a good-natured contempt for my literary criticisms, and I know she scorns secretly my general knowledge of literature. (p. 127).

Dr. Abbott has done his editorial work admirably. He has provided a short but useful Introduction; comments and footnotes wherever necessary; and seven illustrations, including one of Manigault Park and Breslin Tower at Sewanee. We wish, however, that in his mention of some of the greater alumni of Sewanee he had included the late Hudson Stuck. G. H. C.

ENZIO'S KINGDOM, AND OTHER POEMS. By William Alexander Percy. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1924. Pp. ix, 140.

CHILLS AND FEVER. By John Crowe Ransom. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1924. Pp. 95.

AN OUTLAND PIPER. By Donald Davidson. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. Pp. x, 82.

SKYLINES AND HORIZONS. By DuBose Heyward. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. Pp. viii, 74.

We welcome these four volumes of verse recently produced by Southern men living in the Southern States.

Mr. Percy's collection is his third. Three of the poems he has included have already appeared in the SEWANEE REVIEW, the most notable one being *A Letter From John Keats to Fanny*

Brawne. It is a moving document, many of whose pathetic verses linger in the memory. *Enzio's Kingdom*, another and much longer poem in blank verse, is a dramatic monologue of no inconsiderable power. Frederick II, of the Hohenstaufens, is its hero. He was the grandson of Frederick Barbarossa, and son of the German Emperor, Henry VI. His mother was the daughter of Roger I, the Norman King of Sicily, and Frederick was born in the march of Ancona, at Jesi, in December, 1194. Inheriting the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, he was elected Emperor of Germany in 1211 through the support of Innocent III, and was crowned by Honorius III in 1220. Thereafter his life was a struggle to retain and extend his power. He was excommunicated several times by Gregory IX and Innocent IV, the latter Pope eventually convening a council at Lyons to depose Frederick, who, after fighting a gallant but downhill fight, died on December 13, 1250, at his castle of Fiorentino. He was a man of tremendous courage, of high resolve, of proud and enduring will, whose lusts and cruelties were always made secondary to his vision of peace firmly based on capable absolutism. He promoted culture at his court (Michael Scott the Aristotelian and Leonard of Pisa were there, and his favorite adviser, Pietro delle Vigne, is said to have written the first sonnet), establishing the University of Naples and enlarging the medical school at Salerno. His own learning was various and curious, he spoke six languages, was a remarkably independent thinker, and was called *Stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*. His government of Sicily was progressive, his Code of Laws, 1231, showing skill and sagacity. He had five children, three of them—Hensius or Enzo, Frederick and Manfred—being illegitimate. Of all his children, chivalric Enzo was the best loved, and he was made King of Sardinia. Enzo followed and fought for the policies of his father to the best of his power, but was at last taken prisoner by the Bolognese at the Battle of Fossalta, 1249, and was made a hostage, living in detention until his death twenty-two years after.

Mr. Percy imagines Enzo (in a rather harsher prison than that which he actually occupied) receiving from one Berard the news of Frederick's death, and begging the old follower of the

Emperor to remain for a little that Enzo may free his memory and so ease the hearts of both. Enzo reviews with sorrowful pride the course of his father's life, in camp, in battle and at court; in the moment of splendid defiance of his enemies and in the after-moment of defeated hope and uncompleted vision. He justly appreciates his father's true character, in strength and weakness alike, and through all his utterance runs the unbreakable thread of a son's loyal love and a comrade-spirit's understanding fidelity. At times, perhaps, the emotional suggestion is overdone, as in the too frequent word and phrase repetitions on pages 133-136; yet the monologue as a whole is penetrated by much imaginative sympathy. Among its memorable verses are these:—

The multitudinous slow flight of stars.

So through the ebbing smoke-drifts of the room
I looked out on the lowlands and the moonlight
And watched the ravelled cloud-banks floating past,
The spindrift of a sunset's storm of color. . . .

A moon misshapen stumbled down the sky,
Bloody and sick. . . .

An old moon, blue with cold, limps up the east,
Thin as the new. . . .

And there are noble passages recounting the story of the son of Helios; the silent vigil of Enzo with Frederick (as of David with Browning's Saul) after darkness threatens; and the discovering of Pietro's treachery.

Technically, Mr. Percy is a little careless with his measures, sometimes permitting an unnecessary extra foot. Two lines appear uncompensatingly lame, namely—

Justice peace, and the young future teems. . .

Fools, fools, and serious fools who die. . .

And we find something objectionable in the use of such words as *rile* and *jarred*, and in the too frequent instances of split infinitive. "Death's purple-raftered house" is so good a phrase that the poet may be forgiven for using it more than once. As a whole, the humanity of this poem is amply authentic and its power real.

Among the lyrics and shorter reflective pieces there are several of unusual loveliness, as in the rhymeless poems, *Autumn*

Wisdom, *A Debussy Serenade*, *October*, *A Canticle*, and *Winds of Winter*; the Shelleian *Courage*; the delicate lament, *Beth Marie*; the twin *Compensation* and *Autumn Song*; the tender *Portrait*; and the first part of *Rain Patter*. *Wonder and a Thousand Springs* uses too many identical vowel-values in its rhyme-scheme; and *The Delta Autumn* is more—and less—than the good sonnet it might have been. Mr. Percy's writing shows nearly always a really fine sensitiveness, but its craftsmanship sometimes stumbles below the level of its inspiration. We are grateful, indeed, for the much felicity in his work, for its manly sincerity, and for its constant hunger and thirst after the higher beauty that its author will yet win. Its very dissatisfactions tell its endowments and foretell its conquests.

Chills and Fever is symbolically named. It is mortuary and it is ardent. Yet it is rather detached, with a half-commenting, half-coöperating dry-light humor that makes for understanding and at times for wisdom. This one-remove attitude is characteristic of Mr. Ransom's prose and verse alike. He criticizes originally, benignly, with an odd note of considerate inquisitiveness, but when the scale and scope of his effort suddenly annex a part of himself as object, the tone and purpose of the criticism do not therefore slacken. There are satiric indignations at times, and equally satiric compromises; but the satire is well-bred and thoughtful, for Mr. Ransom evidently feels that mere denunciation gets us nowhere. Both the title (see *Here Lies A Lady*) and the content of the book somehow remind us of Sidney Lanier's quatrain written to his friend W. A. Hopson from Boykin's Bluff, September 15, 1863:—

Oh, Life's a Fever, and Death's a *chill*!
'Tis a Disease of which all men are ill—
Earth for a Hospital surely was given—
Hell's an eternal relapse: Health is Heaven!

Agitato ma non troppo, the title of the prefatory poem, keys for us the temper of this striking poet and his work. He is Associate Professor of English at Vanderbilt University, and published in 1919 *Poems About God*. He has contributed occasionally to the REVIEW. Robert Graves has just now selected and has written an Introduction to a group of Mr.

Ransom's poems published in England under the title of *Grace After Meat*. Mr. Graves sees in John Ransom and in Robert Frost (there is only a thinly perceptible likeness between them, but Graves makes much of it) "an extremely fastidious art disguised by colloquialisms and a pretence of 'every-which-way' (to borrow Frost's own word)." And he over-emphasizes also the regional aspects of their writings. Frost is more regional than Ransom; but in any case it is rather futile to look for a synthesis of all regional contributions in future American poetry. The truth is that all true poetry must be both local and universal, since the poet who lives intensely in some specific local environment and interprets the men and women, the hopes and fears, the skies and landscapes, of that environment in a universal spirit interprets in a measure all life, for the world is made up of its own miniatures, and—

The beauty of the stars is over all,
And day and darkness visit every hearth.

To our mind, the truest poem included in the present volume is *Spectral Lovers*. We like variously also *Epitaph*, *Youngest Daughter*, *Night Voices*, *Old Man Playing with Children*, *Philomela*, *Plea in Mitigation* and *Old Mansion*. There are thoughtful inquiry and quick sympathy in all of these; and there are many other poems here of large merit. Mr. Ransom is growing, is finding real things to say; but his manner is likely to alienate some of his readers, for he is easily fascinated by words that wander on the edge of adventure (such as *concurrent*, *halidom*, *ogive*, *catapalque*, *diuturnity*) and, although he has a finely flexible vocabulary, he possesses it too consciously. This is peculiarly true of *Armageddon*. He likes especially to summon the words *bruit* and *complaisant*, although he summons them with right instinct. To add to the reader's difficulties, Mr. Ransom writes habitually in stress verse, employing for the usual syllable-measured verse one which is measured by stresses. The number of beats will be constant, while the number of syllables will be inconstant; nor does stress necessarily mean the definite emphasis of a given syllable. Coleridge, Robert Bridges, Laurence Binyon, and many other poets have, of course, accustomed us to stress prosody, which is, in

many respects, a reversion to one kind of value inherent in Old English verse; but Mr. Ransom's use of it is combined with intense condensation. It is in his tight-packed substance that his alienations—and his attractions—lurk.

And Mr. Ransom the poet seeks to obey Mr. Ransom the critic in the will to release his themes to the processes of the imagination. Of the true poet the latter Ransom says rightly:—

He must wait like a non-partisan beside his theme, not caring whether it comes forth pro or con; and inevitably, of course, it will be neither. The truth that comes by inspiration is not simply the correct conclusion to premises already known; the Pythian never comes down to monosyllables and answers yes and no. The whole matter is worked over freshly by an agent more competent than reason, and the conclusion is as unpredictable as the evidence was inaccessible. The man with a cause must abdicate before his genius will work for him. . . . But this faculty of release is rare, and by the same token the artists are rare.

Like Mr. Ransom, Mr. Davidson is a member of the Department of English at Vanderbilt; and both are also members of the group of young poets known as the Fugitives, who publish at Nashville every quarter specimens of their and others' work. Mr. Davidson's *An Outland Piper* shows many traces of this connection, in its diction, its frequent use of stress prosody, its mood loyalties, and its novel tunes. *The Man Who Would not Die* is, we think, a ripe and fine thing; and we find ourselves liking also *John Darrow*, *A Dead Romanticist*, *Afternoon Call* and *Iconoclast*. The last-named has in it a pleasing touch of Pacchiarotto's reforming method, as told by Browning; and *Alla Stoccata* is reminiscent of that over-lovable scapegrace Peer Gynt, in his encounter with the Great Boyg. But Mr. Davidson is evidently his own man, and moves from theme to theme with a freedom (restless, to be sure) and an ironic inquisitiveness that give his work stimulus and spirit. The title poem is a young poet's complaint at the imperfections of sympathy and of power in his programme and in his utterance. He cheers himself in *Variation on an Old Theme*, despite all ashes of sorrow, knowing that suffering is a large part of the price of poethood. And in *Utterance* he finds his pride and his silence.

Avalon has no little beauty in its weaving of style and content. The two parts of *Ecclesiasticus*, the one symbolic, the other realistic, are felt protests against blind leaders of the blind. The remaining verses touch several filaments of experience and of thought, and all, by their earnestness, despite the occasional mere clevernesses with which the Fugitives are sometimes content, and despite some immaturity, have things to say that are worth saying in terms of adventurous music and of the modern reaction, not yet sufficiently turning toward reconstructive tasks.

From South Carolina comes the first individual volume of Mr. DuBose Heyward, who collaborated with Hervey Allen in 1922 in producing *Carolina Chansons*. Mr. Heyward's work is still largely tentative and experimental. He has not yet mastered his technique, nor has he sufficiently disciplined his spirit. There is poetic instinct, there is poetic sympathy, in such verses as *A Yoke of Steers*, *The Mountain Woman*, *The Mountain Graveyard*, *Alternatives*, *Horizons*, *Return* and *Chant for an Old Town*; but sheer poetic power yet waits to be evoked. As regards questionable craftsmanship, we may mention the unnecessary irregularities in the rhyme-schemes of *The Mountain Girl*, the liberties taken with sonnet structure, the weak endings of *The Blockader*, *The Mountain Town (Spring)*, *Two Poems (November)*, and *Invocation*; the too hasty and unconvincing development of *Black Christmas*; the frequent use of neighboring rhymes of the same tone-color (compare especially the octave of *Evening in the Great Smokies*); and the lapses into commonplace phrasing. *Chant for an Old Town* contains several fine passages, but the gap between the Charleston old dream and the modern invasion is too anxiously and strivingly set forth, with an incongruous off-key effect. Mr. Heyward's poetic intention is of such appealing quality, and his loyalty to the best he sees is so real, that we shall look for constant betterment in his work. The poems here that please us most seek to interpret the South Carolina low country; we must say less of the poems touching the Great Smokies of Western North Carolina, and of the miscellaneous verses generally.

G. H. C.

BYRON AS CRITIC. By Clement Tyson Goode. Weimar: R. Wagner Sohn. 1923. Pp. 312.

"Byron has perhaps been taken less seriously as a critic than any other great figure in modern literature." This, the second sentence of Professor Goode's valuable study, probably contains the main reason for the writing of the book, as well as the reason for its timeliness. No one who is at all acquainted with Byron is likely to question his intellectual ability. It is, however, the almost universal opinion that his proneness to violence and his satirical exaggeration made him practically negligible as a critic. Nor has the apparent inconsistency of his championing eighteenth century classicism tended to raise our estimate of his critical powers. A detailed investigation of Byron as critic is therefore of much interest, and is not without value as a corrective.

Professor Goode's exhaustive and scholarly treatise is both historical and critical. After a half-apologetic, half-polemical introductory chapter, the writer proceeds to trace the influences that made Byron what he was. Heredity, environment, training, and travel are dealt with in great detail. Byron's critical principles are set forth with the same praiseworthy care, being gleaned from all the available sources. Two chapters deal with the poet's chief critical activity. The writer maintains that although Byron is usually judged by his formal criticism, his incidental criticism is more important. In other words, Byron as critic is at his best in his *obiter dicta*. We also get a presentation of the poet's ideas on the arts other than literature, and, finally, a chapter on his criticism of himself.

Some of Professor Goode's conclusions are: that Byron's equipment for criticism was far above the average; that he was not nearly so inconsistent, nor so reactionary, as he is generally considered; that he helped to reform both the drama and criticism itself; that his criticism is unusually strong and vigorous, going beyond the mark rather than wide of it; that his criticism is largely destructive; and that "his early death prevented his attainment of true and constant greatness as a critic."

No doubt some of the conclusions arrived at will cause dissent, or will seem extreme. And yet, the data supplied are so copious that one generally cannot help feeling that the writer

is not far from the truth. Even when one may feel called upon to disagree with him, the facts and the quotations are there, so that it is not difficult to decide to what extent one should discount the conclusions set forth.

THEODORE T. STENBERG.

The University of Texas.

TENNYSON: ASPECTS OF HIS LIFE, CHARACTER, AND POETRY. By Harold Nicolson. London: Constable & Company; Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1923. Pp. ix, 308.

Mr. Nicolson believes that the violent twentieth century reaction against Tennyson is unfair. This injustice he attributes to a sharp divergence in literary taste between the nineteenth and twentieth centuries: the poet's contemporaries found 'applied' poetry to their liking; the present generation prefers 'pure' poetry. And it is necessary, Mr. Nicolson thinks, to explain and isolate the distasteful applied poetry of Tennyson—the didactic and the narrative—in order to see more clearly the pure poetry of the essential Tennyson, which, if given the opportunity, will satisfy the taste of the present-day reader.

Mr. Nicolson accounts for the presence of these two kinds of poetry in the work of Tennyson by a theory which he advances merely as a personal conviction based upon a prolonged and careful study of the poet's life, times, and work. He believes that Tennyson was "a morbid and unhappy mystic," who feared many things, chiefly "sex, and death, and God;" that he was "the hero of *The Sensitive Mind*, of *The Two Voices*, and, above all, of *Maud*;" that he was the victim of "a duality between his temperament and his intelligence, between his lyrical genius and the peculiar qualities imposed upon him by his age."

After reviewing the facts of Tennyson's life in the light of this theory, the author concludes that the poet's literary development falls into four distinct phases: the first, which begins with the *Poems by Two Brothers* and ends with the publication of the 1842 volume, is his 'luxuriant' period, in which he sings to "one clear harp in divers tones." The second period, beginning with the death of Hallam and concluding with *Maud* in 1855, Mr. Nicolson regards as the most important, because he finds

in it the expression of Tennyson's peculiar lyrical genius. The third is the "unfortunate mid-Victorian period," ending in 1880. And the fourth is the "splendid Aldworth period."

It is upon the work of the third, the mid-Victorian period, that the twentieth century unjustly bases its judgment of the poet. In a separate chapter, "Love, Politics and Religion," the author explains the origin and nature of the chief elements of this Victorianism, which in his opinion ought not to be allowed to obscure the real greatness of Tennyson, embodied in the work of the second period. Here, in the second period, are the impulse and the emotion that the present generation demands of its poet and has failed to discover in Tennyson—the melancholy, brooding, wistful loneliness which constitutes for Mr. Nicolson the "essential note of his lyricism."

This "note of frightened agony," apparent even as early as the *Poems by Two Brothers*, might have degenerated into "the morbidity of Beddoes" had not Hallam afforded the poet a powerful emotional stimulus which inspired and enhanced all that is greatest in his work. Only when inspired by Hallam—living or dead—could Tennyson truthfully say:—

I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing.

And when Tennyson could say this truthfully, he revealed himself as a great and abiding poet.

Having detached the parasitic growths which checked the normal development of Tennyson's organic lyrical genius, Mr. Nicolson finds a residue, even though small, which conforms to Mr. Drinkwater's definition of poetry as "the product of the pure poetic energy unassociated with other energies." Assuming that this definition represents the taste of the present-day reader, he then analyzes the "lyrical inspiration" of Tennyson by discussing the merits of certain poems of the second period, and makes suggestions for an anthology of Tennyson that would be likely to appeal to the taste of the twentieth century.

The book is worth reading for several reasons. In contrast to the conventional literary biography, it is refreshing in its genial, unacademic point of view: it is the work of a man of the

world who reads poetry because he enjoys it, and whose judgments of poetry are tempered by his penetrating insight into human character and human motives. His wisdom is the more engaging because of his vivid imagination, through which he is enabled to make his portraits of Tennyson, of Emily Sellwood, of Hallam, and of others the portraits of living mortals. He sees them as human beings with human weaknesses; but even though he breaks the images of the legendary Victorians, he nevertheless possesses a kindly sympathy that provides one of the chief charms of the book.

Its greatest charm, however, lies in Mr. Nicolson's graceful style. Throughout the book one is struck by the lightness of touch with which the author gives utterance to such opinions as these: "Of all poets, Tennyson should be read very carelessly or not at all." "The things that made her [Emily Tennyson] cry the most, sold the most." "Even for us, who can only apprehend Hallam indirectly, there remains a very distinct impression of a compelling personality, a quick, flickering intelligence, an immense kindness, and a rather bustling, rather breathless, and at the same time rather dilettante, charm." And the concluding paragraph of the book, which gives the author's impression of the real Tennyson—the Tennyson of impulse and emotion, the melancholy, wistful Tennyson—is almost a lyric:—

Let us recall only the low booming of the North Sea upon the dunes; the grey clouds lowering above the wold; the moan of the night wind on the fen; the far glimmer of marshpools through the reeds; the cold, the half-light, and the gloom.

GUY SHEPARD GREENE.

Cornell University.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. Selected and Arranged with Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1924. Pp. xviii, 554.

This edition of the *Golden Treasury*, in announcing itself as "revised and enlarged, with additional poems," offers another instance of the mistaken idea that it is possible to bring 'up-to-date' a work long since completed by the taste, judgment and dil-

igence of a highly cultured man—completed, that is, as an expression of his personality and critical faculty. Professor Palgrave died in 1897, having published the *Golden Treasury* in 1861 and the Second Series of the same in 1896. He did not desire to venture farther. One hundred poems are now added to the first Four Books (we are told that they have been chosen by Miss Henrietta Gerwig, the publisher's editor) to cover the two fields of English poetry after 1850, and American poetry. The fact that no few of these English poems coincide with certain of Palgrave's choices for his Second Series, and the further fact that the American poems have been selected with some care, do not in any way justify the present undertaking, which is not Palgrave, but Palgrave plus an unwarrantable addendum that any other anthologist but Palgrave himself should—and normally would—shrink from making. The summaries prefaced to the two added Books are critically pale and ineffective, and only increase our regret that so futile a plan should have been conceived at all.

A GRAMMAR OF THE GERMAN LANGUAGE. Designed for a Thorough and Practical Study of the Language as Spoken and Written To-Day. By George O. Curme, Professor of Germanic Philology in Northwestern University. Revised and Enlarged. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1922. Pp. xii, 623.

This book is a noteworthy achievement of scholarly research and accuracy. Constructed on the solid basis of a slow but thorough preparatory work carried on through a period of over fifteen years, it was first published in 1905. It was the author's intention "to furnish to students of the German language and to teachers an outline of German Grammar, based not upon some ideal conception of how the language should be spoken, but upon the actual varying usage of the intelligent classes in the German Empire, Austria, and Switzerland." He wanted to make his book as complete as possible, and, by means of a careful classification, to give it not only a scientific but also a practical value. In this he has succeeded to a remarkably high degree. His book, for aught I know, is the completest and most reliable German grammar yet prepared by an American or English author; indeed, I believe that in its condensed and clear arrangement of

an enormous material it has hardly a rival in Germany itself. I doubt whether the extent of the author's reading is excelled by that of any other grammarian, and as regards speech usage we often get better information from him than from German grammars.

Professor Curme pays especial attention to the fluctuations of usage and to cases of uncertainty with regard to form as reflected even in the works of the best writers and in the highest types of current literature. In recording such fluctuations he abstains from giving final decisions or prescribing certain forms. In fact, he calls pernicious the custom of many German grammarians of prescribing forms in cases of conflicting usage, since "the capricious decisions of different scholars, differing widely as they often do, add so to the general confusion and arrest natural linguistic tendencies." I cannot quite follow him here. It is right and advisable that a foreign writer on German grammar and speech usage should confine himself to registering the existing fluctuations and abstain from prescribing certain definite forms. But I do not see why a German grammarian should be forbidden the right that each of his countrymen enjoys of expressing his own opinion on such questions. Indeed, I am inclined to think that a trained grammarian, acquainted with the phenomena of the history and development of language, should be better fitted than a layman to judge about conflicting usages; and I do not see—provided, of course, that he makes a clear statement to his readers of the different forms in use—why he should not emphasize what seems to him the tendency that is likely to survive.

Although Professor Curme has carefully directed his attention to early New High German and also to the language of the classical period and the conspicuous authors of the first half of the nineteenth century, the main emphasis of his book is placed on present usage. Seven hundred works of various styles published since 1850 by authors from various parts of the German Empire, Austria, and Switzerland, were carefully read for the first edition, and the range of reading was considerably widened for the second. The main sources for his quotations are the novelists and dramatists, but the writers on history, science,

philology, theology and law have not been slighted. Even the much maligned newspapers have been considered. The German newspaper man, as Professor Curme justly remarks, fills his place worthily and furnishes additional evidence of the power and flexibility of the language. Newspaper articles are all the more interesting, as their language in form and expression is particularly fluctuating and undecided, and is therefore instructive to the grammarian.

This second edition has been thoroughly revised and considerably enlarged. The views prescribed in the first edition have been greatly modified, as the result of seventeen years' further intensive study; in some instances it has seemed necessary to reverse the decisions of the earlier edition. Hence the new issue may in many respects be called a different book. An important change is introduced with regard to the standard of German pronunciation adopted by the author. Whereas in the first edition he—erroneously—believed that the signs of the time seemed “to point so decidedly to the Berlin pronunciation” that it would seem “folly not to recognize it as the most representative form of the spoken language,” in the present issue he is rather inclined to recommend the stage pronunciation, “as the feeling is slowly but surely gaining ground that the standard of the stage represents the best German of our time.”

While making a number of tests of the very full material contained in the book, I have generally been able to confirm the author's statements and views. In some other cases I differ from him, but it is not worth while enumerating them here, as they are hardly of interest to the general academic reader. There is only one point I should like to mention. It seems that Professor Curme has not sufficiently been aware of the fact that in many cases the author's orthography is arbitrarily changed by the compositor and normalized according to his own rules, unless the author strictly forbids such a tampering, which very few authors do. Many writers acquiesce in the orthographical regulations of the printing-office, either because of a contemptuous disregard of such petty things, or because they feel guilty of a certain inconsistency in their own orthography. This interference of the compositor is of some importance, *e.g.*, in

the putting of the *e* in the terminations *-es* and *-e* in the genitive and dative cases: *des Jahres* or *des Jahrs*, *im Jahre* or *im Jahr*. The *e* should be added or omitted principally in accordance with the requirements of sentence rhythm; but very few authors and certainly no compositors have any idea of this important rule: they mechanically write or print the *e*, whether in spoken language it is pronounced or not. The case of *handele* and *handle* mentioned on page 256 also belongs here. Professor Curme says that "the full form is now more common;" this may be true of the printed form, though even there I am doubtful; I am almost sure, however, that in spoken language most people will say *handle*. In a voluminous grammar like this, one will naturally come across many details where one may differ from the views of the author; but the more closely one examines the present book the more he will receive the impression that Professor Curme's *Grammar of the German Language* is a work of which not only the author himself but American scholarship in general may be proud.

JOHANNES HOOPS.

The University of Heidelberg.

BENJAMIN TOMPSON, 1642-1714, First Native-born Poet of America. His Poems Collected with an Introduction by Howard Judson Hall. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. Pp. xxxv, 169.

Professor Howard Judson Hall, of Stanford University, has admirably done a needed piece of work. He has collected the scattered poems of America's earliest poet and has brought them together in a scholarly edition, with an Introduction informative, critical, and readable. Indeed, so keen was the interest which Professor Hall aroused in me that I actually read the poems themselves—all of them; and what a large impetus that requires can be known only to those who have also read the poems of Benjamin Tompson, although the poems are not long and are barely over twenty in number. They show a very meagre poetic gift, yet this is precisely what gives them such curious interest.

For the school-teacher, Tompson, graduate of Harvard and son of a New England clergyman in our first Colonial period, shows

as no one else has done how the "brutal" and "heathen" Indians appeared to the early settlers, how Puritanism dominated the cramped thoughts and narrow lives of our pioneer ancestors, how far they were from everything that might have led them to an easy indulgence in artistic expression. The England that lay beyond the huge ocean was, during Tompson's life, the scene of far-reaching changes. In the year of his birth, 1642, the theatres were closed; Cromwell loomed as a world-figure; then came the return of the Stuarts with their brilliant court and the group of scintillating Restoration dramatists; the careless cavaliers gave place to the mighty Milton, who was succeeded in turn by the vigorous, shaft-hurling Dryden; and before Tompson died, Pope had published *The Rape of the Lock*, and the polished perfection of eighteenth century prose and verse was fully established. Here, in the wilds of America, men lived and fought and died. And when the life he knew—the world as he saw it—wakened in our first native-born poet a desire to record and to sing, he was as completely shut away from the inspiration of literary England as if Milton and Dryden and Pope had never been. Five years after *Paradise Lost*, Tompson produced his masterpiece, a little volume called *New England's Crisis*—the first volume of original poems published in America. It deals with King Philip's War, then raging at its height; and it makes us know how desolate and remote were the lives of our ancestors.

In bringing to Americans this earliest native sheaf of poems, Professor Hall moves us back for a while into a world far more strange to us than the familiar England of Milton, Dryden, and Pope. He introduces us to the literary Adam of America, and we look at him with a curious mixture of respect and pity, and a queer feeling of wonder. Tompson had been all but completely forgotten. His poems were unread even by the professed students of letters; they were buried in the records of the Massachusetts Historical Society, or in a few preserved old 'broad-sides'. Industry and research have put all the scattered members together, and here our first poet lives again before us.

H. D. GRAY.

Stanford University.

BLOCKADE AND SEA-POWER. *The Blockade, 1914-1919, and its Significance for a World State.* By Maurice Parmelee. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1924. Pp. x, 449.

The author is well qualified for writing on blockade and all the consequences which that vast subject involves. During the late World War he was a member of the American delegation to the Allied Blockade Committee and also Chairman of the Allied Rationing and Statistical Committee. After the war the author visited Germany and Austria to study the effects of the blockade.

Dr. Parmelee divides his book into two parts. In the first of these, after two introductory chapters on the general nature of blockade and the rights of a blockading power and of neutrals, respectively, he launches into the history of the blockade of 1914-1919. His verdict on the exercise of the right of blockade by both sides is that the longer the war went on "the more reckless and unprincipled did both sides become, and by the end of the war few vestiges of international law remained in operation in the practice and policies of both groups of belligerents." Surely this is too sweeping and indiscriminating a statement, for, Germany's navy having been swept from the seas, she could not possibly, under any interpretation of international law, exercise a valid blockade over the far-flung allied coasts with the comparatively few submarines at her disposal. The most valuable chapters of the first part of the book are those on the British and Allied blockade organization and administration, and the regulation of trade by the Neutral Powers under Allied inspection. In these Dr. Parmelee is able to give us a good deal of first-hand information. His statistics and concrete illustrations of the effects of the blockade will be valuable to the student of sea-power during the Great War.

Part Second appears a rather less valuable and less useful contribution. In this, to quote the author's own words, he has—

endeavored to expound the significance of sea power for world politics, with special reference to its principal manifestation in the form of blockade. . . . War can be prevented and harmonious relations between the races and peoples of the world can be permanently established only through the evolution of an international state. All other

methods are vain so long as rival national states, jealous of their sovereignty and often instigated and influenced by private commercial and financial interests, are creating discord.

As nothing short of a World State will satisfy Dr. Parmelee, and as he finds the Covenant of the League of Nations quite unsatisfactory, preferring to it a German Scheme which he gives in Chapter XIX, it will be seen that he is distinctly utopian.

SEDLEY L. WARE.

The University of the South.

ROBERT E. LEE. By John Drinkwater. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1923. Pp. 128.

The Civil War found one of its chief values in the revelation of character in the leaders, both North and South. To insure that their heroism, nobility, and self-sacrifice shall not be forgotten and their careers rightly understood is the legitimate aim of the poet. Memoirs innumerable have been published, many monographs, much history, but one can see, if he will take the trouble to do so, how the list of great men contracts as they are received into the domain of literature. The most interesting works at a given time are not always those most free from bias; but freedom from bias belongs to the highest art, and in this, possibly, English writers have an advantage over Americans who may think of writing about the characters and events of the War between the States.

There is always one name that is certain to be included on the artist's list, and it is about this great soldier and even greater man that Mr. Drinkwater has written his play. Although it may seem that the secondary characters are the most realistic—Ray Warrenton, David Peel and Duff Penner, men whose like can readily be found in Virginia to-day—the character of Lee is finely drawn, with sympathy and sincerity. The first scene shows how, when the command of the armies of the Union had been offered him, he chose deliberately the side which he, as a soldier, knew could not win, doing so because he believed this to be his duty in simple loyalty to his State. The remaining seven scenes portray

a great character struggling in a great tragedy, sustaining with his strength of spirit an army worn out with victory in the field and defeat in every other phase of war—which is an economic business, after all. The play is not a closet drama, but must be seen to be best understood. In giving us such a play, “severely simple in structure” and written in the “plain style”, yet losing none of its elevation by that, Mr. Drinkwater has done more than add to his reputation: he has made us all feel grateful to him.

J. B. E.

MARY ROSE. By James Matthew Barrie. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1924. Pp. 139.

As Sir James himself said two years ago before the Critics' Circle, of London, people may sometimes wonder why he writes so much about islands.

. . . . There are more islands in my plays than any of you is aware of. I have the cunning to call them by other names. There is one thing that I am really good at, and that is at slipping in an island. I daresay it is those islands that make you misunderstand me.

Certainly, these island symbolisms (especially in *Peter Pan*, *The Admirable Crichton* and *Mary Rose*) are penetrated with many meanings. Those of Mary Rose's island are not easily to be rationalized. Our human kind has its curious complements in Nature, and deep may call unto deep, and island unto 'island,' in ways past finding out. Despite its beauties of tone and atmosphere, however, its wisdoms of experience (as in Mrs. Morland), and its whimsicalities of character (as in Mr. Morland, Mr. Amy and Cameron), *Mary Rose* does not reach the true Barrie country as *Dear Brutus* so memorably does, but plays rather about its confines. The enveloping action lags in the latter part; and just here, indeed, the chief fault lies, for the admixture of Australia-and-the-war realism with the tragi-idyllic mysteries of Mary Rose's long disappearance and her ghostly hunger for her babe, is, for so great an artist as Barrie, inept and ungripping. Mary Rose's own character is very tenderly done: she is, one sees, of those 'fey' ones

who are always near the other side of life and death, and her island—"The Island that Likes to be Visited"—is nearer heaven than earth.

Although the text of the play is just now published, it has been upon the boards for some time, having first been presented at the Haymarket Theatre, London, with Miss Fay Compton as the shadowy, sprite-like heroine.

G. H. C.

MEDIEVAL PEOPLE. By Eileen Power, Lecturer in History at the London School of Economics and Political Science. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. Pp. viii, 216.

Writers of social histories have hitherto discussed the dead forgotten common people in the mass. The present author believes that there is as much material for reconstructing the life of the ordinary person as there is for writing the history of some great political personage. She has selected from the obscurity of the Middle Ages six representative types,—the peasant, the adventuring Venetian merchant, the artisan, the monastic, the housewife, and the English merchant of the staple. The attempt is only partly successful, for it is essentially the story of classes and types, and not of persons. She re-creates the commonplace life of each class and period, but the information is gossipy and general in nature. The modern reader will find the story of the *Ménagier's* wife, a recital of domestic life in the middle-class home, the most entertaining part of the book. It is possible to measure the gains of modern civilization by the change in the status of women. For reasons of property, or to settle family feuds, or simply to assure their own future, babies in cradles were sometimes betrothed and even married. Little Grace de Saleby, aged four, was for the sake of her broad acres married to an old noble, and on his death two years later to another, and yet again to a third, at eleven. There are humor and pathos in the stories of these marriages. John Rigmarden, aged three, was carried to church in the arms of a priest; half-way through the marriage service the young groom declared that he would say no more that day, the priest answering: "You must speak a little more and then go play you." E. M. K.

SOCIAL POLITICS IN THE UNITED STATES. By Fred E. Haynes, Assistant Professor of Sociology, State University of Iowa. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. Pp. xii, 414.

Professor Haynes's authoritative study of American social politics is the first large effort to bring together the diverse social reform movements—including trade unionism, the single tax, the I. W. W., socialism, and the different "third party" movements—which have from time to time agitated our political life. Some, like the single tax, have passed, leaving no tangible results; while others, like socialism, have through the education of public opinion profoundly socialized our national politics, and have contributed to the awakening of the public conscience. The author shows that the agitation of the past, notwithstanding the relative failure of labor parties, has now given place to constructive leadership,—“new unionism” in the labor field, coöperation in agriculture, and progressivism in politics generally. The value of this useful book is greatly enhanced by the emphasis laid on the idea that social progress has been achieved through the fine idealism of isolated individuals and groups who have had unbounded faith in the generous impulses of mankind and in the need of advancing the social welfare of all. On the other hand, too much space is given to personalities and episodes, and not enough to the discussion of the socio-economic forces underlying the diverse movements.

E. M. K.

THE MAGIC CARPET. POEMS FOR TRAVELLERS. Collected by Mrs. Waldo Richards. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. Pp. xxxii, 511.

The popularity of her earlier anthologies, *High Tide*, *Star-Points* and *The Melody of Earth*, has led Mrs. Richards to compile this useful little collection for the benefit of travellers, actual or potential. There is a preliminary group of poems touching the lures and means of the travel-adventure, and thereafter a simple classification by countries, concluding with nine poems touching the homeward voyage and its memories and satisfactions. Some war poetry (not over-much) is included here and there, lest we forget. It is natural yet noticeable that poetic appreciations of England and of Italy are given large place.

BOOK NOTICES

BITS OF HARVARD HISTORY. By Samuel F. Batchelder. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1924. Pp. xiv, 323.

This delightfully written and well illustrated book traces the history of old Holden Chapel; the rise of the University Commons; the movement of the military spirit among the students before and during the Revolution and the War of 1812, and in later times; and the development of the legal and medical schools. The chapters on "College Characters" and C. C. Langdell, the Dean who transformed the teaching of Law, are of especial human interest.

THE FORTNIGHTLY CLUB. By Horace G. Hutchinson. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. 1922. Pp. xii, 304.

□ We have here a series of informal, imaginary debates on topics of philosophic interest, which are supposed to have taken place among a group of friends grappling with such problems as animal psychology, pain, sin, altruism and egoism, mankind's age, war, the significance and destiny of man, etc. The whole forms a provocative rather than a persuasive book, which is precisely its author's purpose.

THE POETRY OF ROBERT BROWNING. By Stopford Brooke. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1923. Pp. iii, 461.

This is a reprint of a once popular work on Browning. The Reverend Stopford Brooke was a copious and indefatigable writer on Tennyson, Browning, and English literature in general, but he so 'moralized his song' and exhibited so many enthusiasms and prejudices of a somewhat Chautauquan character that present readers profit rather by the patience of his method and the honesty of his purpose than by coördinated critical results.

CONVERSATIONS ON CONTEMPORARY DRAMA. By Clayton Hamilton. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1924. Pp. xiii, 218.

These are the edited stenographic records of nine lectures on contemporary drama delivered at Columbia University by

Mr. Hamilton. They pleasantly discuss Rostand, Shaw, Barrie, Pinero, Galsworthy, Pirandello and Maeterlinck, the present situation in European and American drama, and conclude with a talk on the work of Eugene O'Neill.

ESSAYS TOWARD TRUTH. Selected by Kenneth Allan Robinson, William Benfield Pressey, and James Dow McCallum. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1924. Pp. vii, 395.

The editors are members of the Department of English at Dartmouth College. They bring together here essays that deal with important social questions, for they believe that "individual books and men are largely mirrors in which the forces operating in society reflect themselves, and that orientation toward these forces is the primary responsibility of education." The twenty-four essays are, for the most part, well selected.

GETTING A LAUGH, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Charles Hall Grandgent. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1924. Pp. 218.

Professor Grandgent's adventures in the field of the informal essay are very happy. He discusses with relish some of the springs of humor, personal and national prejudices, phenomena of speech, the habit of seeing people off and what it symbolizes, delusion, the language beautiful, and *Toussier et Cracher*. The book is a generous compendium of good things thought and experienced by a good and able man with a real sense of humor.

THE ARAB AT HOME. By Paul W. Harrison. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company. 1924. Pp. xii, 345.

Dr. Harrison has spent fourteen years in Arabia, twelve of them as a medical missionary. He has travelled extensively up and down the coast, among the pearl-divers, through the desert and the communities of the oases, in the mountain district of Oman, and in Mesopotamia. He has studied the Arab at close range, as physician, friend, travelling companion and spiritual helper, and discusses intimately the natives' personal characteristics, social customs and intolerant religious pride, offering many useful suggestions for the betterment of their condition.

The tone of the book is one of democratic sympathy and manly common-sense. It is well illustrated.

THE FORMATION OF TENNYSON'S STYLE. By J. F. A. Pyre. Madison: University of Wisconsin Studies. 1921. Pp. 252.

SELECTED POEMS OF ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON. Edited by Marjorie H. Nicolson, Assistant Professor of English in the University of Minnesota. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1924. Pp. v, 353.

Dr. Pyre's monograph considers chiefly the versification of the early poems. It is a patient and well organized piece of research in the development of craftsmanship through imitation, revision and experience, but it is somewhat marred by an apparent tendency to identify the terms artist and artificer, by some excess in diction, some slackness in syntax, and by the absence of an index. We note, too, rather uncritical overpraise of *In Memoriam*, although the technique of the stanza (which Tennyson for some time supposed his own invention) is well discussed. It is inaccurate to say that "the rhymes are invariably monosyllabic." Dr. Pyre shows clearly, however, that Tennyson found his forte "in the delicate modulation of established rhythms rather than in the invention of complicated melodic systems or the discovery of new and surprising movements." In dealing with *The Princess* the author might well have consulted the late Professor Theodore H. Rand's study of the successive revisions, in the *McMaster University Monthly* for June, 1891.

Miss Nicolson's text is a worthy member of the *Riverside College Classics*. It has a suitable Introduction, appropriate notes, and the selections themselves are made with a sense of chronological value and balance. We regret, however, that it was not found possible to include the whole of *Maud* and of *In Memoriam* and rather more of the *Idylls of the King*.

BROWN JACKETS. By Jane Screven Heyward. Columbia, South Carolina: The State Company. 1923. Pp. 64.

These twelve sketches of Gullah Negro life are, as Mrs. Heyward puts it, "a collaboration written out of the experiences of many friends." She is well fitted to interpret in this fashion the hopes and fears of a simple but interesting folk.